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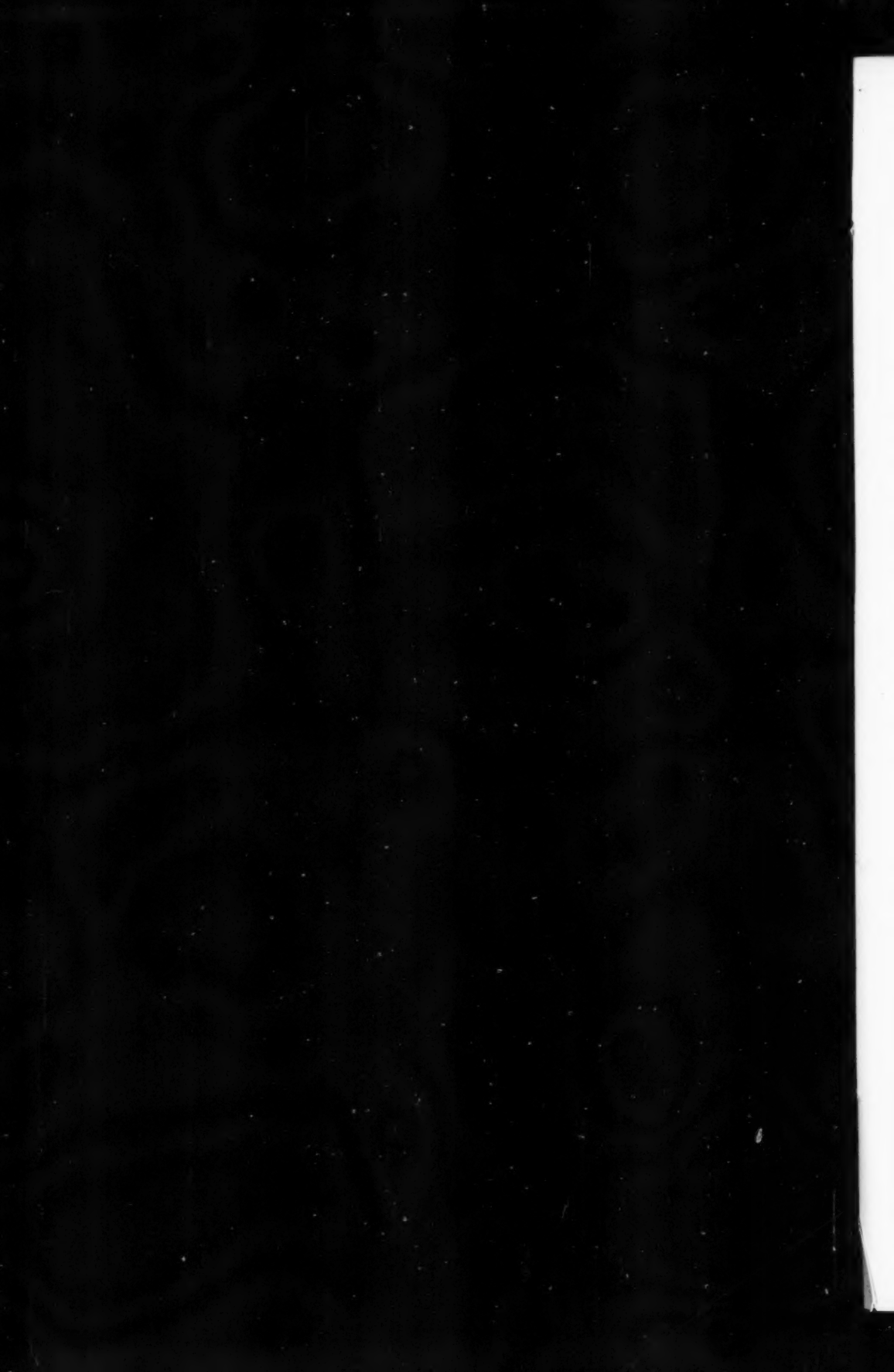
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{ From Beginning  
Vol. CCXXVII. }

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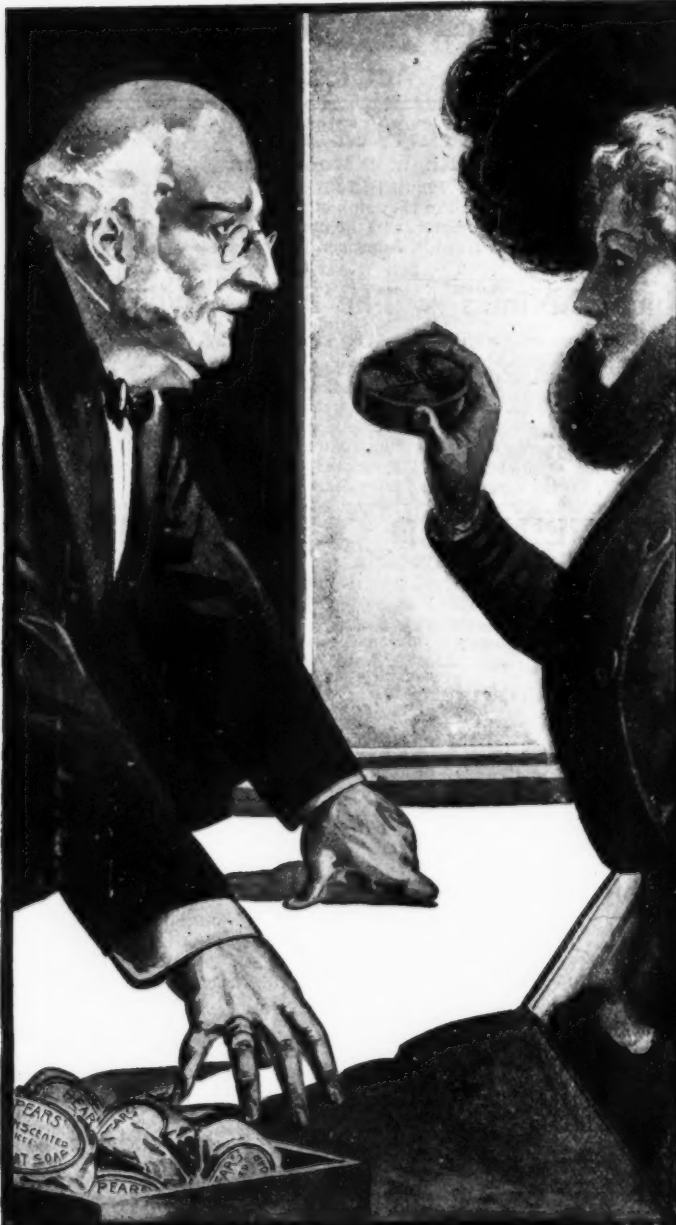
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## LEGALIZED ASSOCIATIONS AND SECRET SOCIETIES IN CHINA.\*

Ever since the earliest times an increasing tendency has been observed among the Celestial Children of the Flowery Kingdom, to combine in groups; and this tendency, having been entirely unchecked, has attained an extraordinary development. There is hardly a Chinaman in the land who is not a member of one or more of these associations, and who does not consider such membership an indispensable necessity of life. They—the societies in question—range all the way from the simplest and most rudimentary to the most varied and complex forms imaginable, and comprehend every phase both of public and private life.

An extremely elementary, and as it were spontaneous and unconscious, form of such a society is the *fen-ze* or Marriage Loan Association, which preserves a reminiscence of the primitive family bond. A man is proposing to marry, and since the cost of the obligatory rites and ceremonies—the *li*—is very great, his friends and relatives combine to assist him, each furnishing a small sum in proportion to his means and noting the amount in his account-book. The receiver of these minute loans, which amount collectively to a considerable sum, pays no interest,

and is not even bound to reimburse his creditors, except as they find themselves in a position similar to his own;—that is to say intending marriage, either in person, or for their children. Such loans are exceedingly useful in a country where, on account of the scarcity of coin, money-loans can be effected only at a usurious interest. They are also creditable, in some sort, to those who contract them, since they reveal the number, the sincerity and the practical worth of the friendship which the borrowers enjoy; and they constitute a primitive form of combination adapted to a specific and limited end.

Then again there is a kind of monetary association, highly developed and prevailing all over the empire, which aims at relieving the Chinaman from the inordinate burden of a private debt, by providing him with a capital sufficient for starting a small trade or industry, or enlarging a business already established. The associates agree upon the sum which each of them will pay monthly into a common fund, and they draw lots at the end of each month to determine which one of their number is to take the whole amount thus collected. They go on in this way until all the members of the society have received an equal sum, when the society

\*Translated for The Living Age.



is either dissolved or reorganized for another bout. And to prevent those who have been unlucky and are the last to receive the whole amount of the monthly collection from getting no profit at all out of the sums which they pay in month by month, a small interest on the sum total is paid, every time the lots are drawn, by those who have already received the benefit of the loan.

Any one can see that the great advantage of such an arrangement consists in every member being able to receive, at one time or another, a considerable lump sum, which is afterward discounted by as many rate-payments as there are members in the society. And since Government never interferes in the slightest degree, either with the formation or direction of this kind of society, the rules and engagements which determine and modify its operation may vary, and, as a matter of fact, do vary in different provinces. But there is never any change in their fundamental principles—such as the preferred claim of the founder of the society upon the first monthly payment, and the duty of the associates to be exact in the payment of their quota under penalty of forfeiting their claim to the sum deposited in the common crib to the founder of the society, who is responsible for all its members. But this is a rare occurrence. Farmers, artisans and small traders know by experience the advantage of thus combining in groups and pooling their savings, and they are so invariably faithful to their obligations, that it is taken for granted among them that a defaulter would, as they say, "lose his face"—a thing far more grievous and terrible to a Celestial than the loss of life.

It has come to the point that almost all the business and requirements of life have been assigned to the management of different societies, of which the general aim is to make existence easier. There are brotherhoods in the larger

cities who provide coffins for those who die indigent and without near relatives; a good work doubtless, and even highly charitable, yet not without a touch of that hidden, but strong and tenacious egotism which is a kind of second nature to a Chinaman. For the *kuan*, *kuan-zai*, that is to say the man who is buried without a coffin, conceives an unquenchable hatred for the whole human race, which had been so hard and cruel to himself while he lived; and his *seu* (that is the part which survives the body, and corresponds nearly with our *spirit*) becomes a *kuei* or *kuei-seu*—a grim and cruel incubus, a pertinacious and pitiless foe—a sort of malignant hobgoblin who establishes a frightful and blasting sway over every spot ever identified with his miserable existence.

So, too, the endless throngs of emigrants, who depart from the Celestial Empire in yearly increasing numbers for shores both near and remote, carrying, wherever they go, the invincible competition of their co-ordinated labor and industries, are invariably bound and protected by contracts organizing them into societies, and even syndicates, and insuring them against those dangers and miseries which usually attend the squalid emigrant-masses, even in the countries which are supposed to be most proficient in civic science. Everything is foreseen and provided for by the contracts in question; even the death of the emigrant, in case of which the return of the body to its native soil, which the Chinese consider an indispensable condition of repose for the departed soul, is fully guaranteed.

Among many and various exemplifications of the enormous force which men acquire by union and combination may be noted the war & outrage against certain delinquencies and vices, which manage to escape the jurisdiction of the Mandarins and the provisions of the *Tá-Tsing-lü-li*, or Code of

Laws at present in force.<sup>1</sup> Gambling, for which the Chinese have a passion no less unbridled than that for opium, is vigorously and unremittingly opposed by associations organized for this especial purpose; and the case is far more frequent than is commonly supposed of obstinate and incorrigible gamblers, surprised by the members of some "sodality" or other, haled before the judges and severely punished, by heavy fines, or bastinadoes, long to be remembered. It cannot be denied that the liberty of the individual is abridged by such proceedings; but whoever is acquainted with the horrible excesses to which the yellow gamester may be driven by his insane passion for games of chance, will not hesitate to applaud these acts of violence.

There are other societies formed to combat intemperance,—and that worst vice of all, that veritable scourge of the entire nation—the craving for opium. But the most famous of these reformatory leagues, in the last few years, has been the *Lao-niu-huèi* or *Society of the Venerable Bull*, which grew up in a region so infested by thieves, brigands and malefactors of all sorts, that the most atrocious crimes were perpetrated in broad daylight, and even in the public squares. Disgusted by the steady increase of crime and by the extreme apathy of the magistrates, a fearless and well-to-do farmer invited the most honest and respectable of his neighbors to a banquet—the invariable method in China of starting a league—of which the *pièce de résistance* was an ancient ox—whom our Amphitryon sacrificed without scruple to the tranquillity of his country. As they conveyed to their mouths upon chop-sticks minute fragments of meat, and drained

brimming cups of *samsaiu* or rice-wine, the principles were laid down of a society intended for the repression and circumvention of iniquity in general—and its name was derived from the principal viand consumed upon the occasion.

The Brotherhood of the Venerable Bull was entirely in earnest. The moment they laid hand on an assassin, a thief, or a simple receiver of stolen goods they decapitated him out of hand; and in a very short space of time the fruits of their wholesome energy began to appear. The League soon counted thousands of recruits, and found itself in a condition to undertake regular campaigns against the *Tse-huo* or falcons'-nests, which had been builded in the mountains for the terrorization of the helpless lowland prey; or, to speak without a metaphor, against the hill-villages which were the robbers' chosen haunts.

Thus flourished in China, and administered both high and low justice, a League not unlike that *Holy Vehm* which held Germany in subjection for two centuries, whose members took oath upon the *red soil* of Westphalia, and a thousand "free judges" and an hundred thousand of the initiated of different orders used to attend its meetings in the capital city of Dortmund.

But while the Chinaman seldom lives to himself, but enjoys, in trade and business, in city and country, when he journeys and even after he dies, the succor and protection of the societies to which he has subscribed, the inborn tendency to association which is both naturally acute, and strengthened by long experience—is not always limited to such manifestations as these. He enjoys, to the full, the benefits which

<sup>1</sup> The word *mandarin* is unknown to the Chinese and was invented by the first Europeans who established themselves in China. It is probably derived from the Portuguese verb *mandar*, to command. The Chinese employ the word *Kuan-gen*

when they wish to indicate generically an employe belonging to one of the nine orders, or into one of the two categories (officials and supernumeraries) into which each order is divided.

accrue from the combination of individuals into a more or less extensive collectivity for legal or civic purposes; but he has also to face the evils which may arise out of associations formed for other ends than those of righteousness, and legitimate mutual help; associations which are only too easily transformed from harmless clubs, political and other, into clandestine and criminal societies. The tradition of these rapid transformations is in the Chinaman's blood, and the habits of his life; and the manner in which the kind of sectarian association which prospers but slowly elsewhere, and may long remain successfully concealed, soon comes among the Celestials to count its proselytes by the million, is unquestionably due to the extraordinary sway exercised over the Oriental mind by custom, and the qualities of race.

The intolerable aggressions and really atrocious affronts, which have been lavished upon the yellow race ever since the Chino-Japanese war, have no doubt contributed in no small degree to the spread and authority of the sects or leagues whose avowed object is to solve the nationalist problem and avenge the insults in question. But it is equally true that there were secret societies in China long before these modern leagues were thought of, and they have always been animated by the same mystical main idea, of which the varying scope has been determined by the necessities of the moment. In other words, the expulsion of the Tartars and the restoration of the Mongols are the supreme object of the secret societies of to-day; as the determination to limit the unbridled authority of the Ming dynasty was that of the secret societies of two or three hundred years ago. But when we come to examine the philosophic principles underlying these apparently diverse aims we find not even two successive and mutually complementary movements, but a single solid

organism; constant and unchanging in its doctrinal essence, variable only in its outward accidents:—that is to say, in the specific part which concerns the application of social forces to the immediate reality of things.

The different names and titles of the societies in question are no index to differences of nature or innovations in management. They are mere superficial accidents, determined by the necessities of the propaganda or a species of primitive strategy. When a given sect has become positively abominable through acts of ferocious cruelty, it becomes convenient to give it a new name; lest the many who are always opposed to injustice and oppression, but who have been beguiled into the society's ranks in order to give it an infusion of new and more vigorous blood should find in the voice of conscience an insuperable objection to their enrollment.

In like manner, if the name of a society has been discovered and made public by citation in the Penal Code, along with the denunciation of severe penalties—and frequently even of death,—against the members of that particular conventicle, nothing can be more natural than that a new and seemingly innocent name should be substituted for the one originally registered. By the help of this device, and of the practice universally adopted (thanks either to the timidity or to the complicity of sundry mandarins), of applying in such cases the letter rather than the spirit of the law, a respite is obtained of at least the five years which must elapse, before additional statutes become an integral part of the *Ta-Tsing-lü-li*, and the new name of the proscribed association is decisively and incontrovertibly recognized.

Thus when Mr. Wylie says that the *Pai-lien-ciao*, or *Society of the White Lotus* does not go back before the present dynasty, he makes a double mis-

take: first, in not having discerned that, except for a few merely formal differences, it is only the continuation of a very ancient sect, and furthermore that the sect in question under this identical name dates as early as the year 1350 of the vulgar era. Ever since that period the Society of the White Lotus has existed in the great cities of the empire and sent out its branches into the surrounding country. It has had its presidents, its watchwords, its nocturnal meetings; it has even done its own printing, and has thereby been able widely to distribute among the people the most virulent accusations and bitter invectives against the Government and the magistrates.

Thus even at a time when China was indubitably happy and prosperous, especially in comparison with her present agitated condition, the "Brothers of the White Lotus" were inveterate disturbers of the peace, greedy for plunder, and ready for arson or murder—exactly like the Boxers of to-day. The *Annals of the Empire*, the *kuo sse*, frequently record the grim doings of this unmanageable sect; the sharp crises when the "central kingdom," not yet become an object of cupidity to the European "civilizers" and a theatre for their intrigues, struggled with its enemies and subdued them and grew strong through conflict and victory—as a sound and healthy individual arises invigorated from the fevers of his youth.

We are told, for instance, that in 1622, Ly-Kung, the supreme head of the sect in Shan-tung, and one of its most formidable leaders, was thrown into prison. This was enough, in itself, to stir up all the conspirators who were scattered throughout the province; but the situation was aggravated by tidings which arrived through those channels of intelligence and assistance which the sect knew, and still knows how to keep open among officials of every grade. It

became known that orders of the most stringent description had been sent to the Tsung-tu, who is virtually a viceroy, requiring the president of the tribunal to subject Ly-Kung to atrocious torture in order to compel him to reveal the names of his accomplices.

He had already undergone a first examination, which he had sustained with resolute calm and heroic obstinacy; but, what with the weakening of his fibre through the effects of imprisonment and torture, and the fact that through fear of censure and their own spite, the severity of the judges and the ferocity of their satellites was continually increasing, it did not appear certain that the sufferer would be able to hold out indefinitely. But since the secret must be kept at all costs, and the support in high quarters concealed which made the "White Lotus" so strong, an audacious *coup* was resolved and executed. The court-house already packed with spectators—many of them of the roughest description—was suddenly attacked and carried by assault. Many mandarins were despatched, and Ly-Kung who, a moment before, had been kneeling in the ignominious attitude required of criminals, was raised to his feet, his fetters struck off, acclaimed, applauded and carried off in triumph.

This outbreak was followed by a long and bloody war, at the end of which the sectaries were subdued indeed but not annihilated, constrained to disband and to conceal themselves for a time, but by no means to renounce all plots and conspiracies. After a very brief period of eclipse, the White Lotus was stronger than ever.

This bitter war would in fact have left no permanent trace had there not then been launched for the first time against the Catholic missionaries the accusation that they also were sectaries and conspirators. The author of this accusation was Kio-scên, a mandarin of the first class, who as a member of the

*Li-pu*, or supreme court of ceremonies, corresponding to our Ministry of Public Worship, had already persecuted the Catholics; and who after he became minister, and had been rendered more vindictive than ever by the occurrences at Shan-tung, was resolved at all hazards to free his country from the presence of foreigners, whom he regarded as the authors of tumult and sedition. In a celebrated and extremely violent manifesto, published in all the provinces of the empire, after a long list of the dire misfortunes for which he held the sects responsible, he especially recommended to the scorn of all honest men the societies of the "White Lotus" and of the "Lord of Heaven." "The proselytes of these two," he said, "pursue the same detestable end, and are animated by the same spirit of insubordination toward the decrees of the Emperor. After fiercely denouncing the affiliated members of the Lotus he added: "The League of the Lord of Heaven is also false and dangerous because it blinds the eyes of men and entices them into midnight assemblies and foul conspiracies."

Under the picturesque pen, "swift as the storm-wind" of the learned Kioscèn, were reiterated the same accusations with which Paganism when hard-pressed has ever attempted to stay the triumph of Christianity. The injustice of these accusations was flagrant, for Catholicism in China was represented by names as holy and illustrious as those of Fathers Lombard, Vagnon, De la Roque, D'Andrade, Pantoja, Adam Schall, the Italians Guilio Aleni and Giacomo Rho of Milan, and many more, including Alvarez Semedo, the historian of those noble enterprises. But he who considers dispassionately the events which followed, and perceives that no sooner was a way opened by apostolic zeal, than it was instantly invaded by a throng of European adventurers and schemers, pushing and fighting for the privilege of "exploiting"

China (a thoroughly hypocritical euphemism which endeavors, without success, to throw a veil of decency over all manner of dishonest devices) can hardly blame the patriotic mandarin who foresaw the course of events with the astuteness peculiar to his long-fingered and smooth-shaven race.

Important information concerning the distinctive tenets and *modus operandi* of this sect, and the peculiarity—so strange in China—that both men and women took the same vow of stubborn resistance to the Government forces, may be found in an official report of the year 1771, preserved intact in the missionary narratives. This highly interesting document, distributed by a post who was able to cover sixty leagues in a day, deserves to be quoted entire, in all the singular simplicity of its original form.

"I, Kiu-Kiu, viceroy of the Shan-si, respectfully present this memorial to the Son of Heaven, through the medium of the six-hundred-league Post. It concerns an evil sect which is corrupting the province.

"I am credibly informed that the members of this sect are in the habit of meeting in secret assembly and reciting certain prayers; that the local mandarin gave orders to his ministers to suppress these disorderly meetings, and that his authority was despised and his ministers maltreated.

"The affair seemed to me to demand my presence at Ho ciòh. I therefore went thither, having first issued orders to the military mandarins, to provide me, at stated points, with a considerable escort of soldiers. This precaution proved to have been abundantly necessary, for the rebels were more than 2,000 in number and well armed.

"As soon as they perceived us they formed in military order. Their leader, Uang-fu-liu, had on either side of him two fanatical women, with their hair floating loose, a hammer in one hand and a sword in the other. They were invoking with horrid imprecations the assistance of evil spirits.

"We met them with several dis-



charges of musketry and they made a furious resistance. We then charged them with lance and sabre, and the battle lasted five hours. They lost about fifteen-hundred men, and the rest were made prisoners.

"I went over the field of battle and found the body of the chief, who was among the slain. He wore a black robe and had a mirror on his breast. The two women who accompanied him were also slain. One of them carried a white flag and the other a black one.

"I ordered the heads of the victims to be cut off, and exposed to the public view in cages, for the purpose of inspiring a salutary terror. We have 552 prisoners and there is general rejoicing among the people.

"I await the orders of the August Elevation (i.e., Your Majesty's) and present this memorial with respect."

A good many other insurrections and revolts resembling the one thus rigorously subdued, or even more violent, were subsequently excited by the *Pai-lièu-ciao*, with incalculable damage to the country, and very little gain to the conspirators. Yet they obstinately persevered, and seemed sometimes on the point of attaining their long coveted ends:—for instance, during the reign of Kia-King when, on the 18th of July, 1818, they actually invaded and made themselves masters of the imperial palace at Peking.

It would be impossible in the brief space assigned me, to describe, or even enumerate the incessant uprisings fomented by the machinations of the White Lotus, still less to give an idea of their serious consequences. Suffice it to say that the distinguished Uè-juau in his justly celebrated history of the then reigning dynasty, has devoted two whole books, the ninth and tenth, to an account of these fratricidal conflicts.

During its long period of activity, and for reasons already indicated, the White Lotus assumed different names which were sometimes merely a variant on its customary appellation, and some-

times quite unlike it. In the North and in Se-shuan and Kuè-loh the sect of the *Pai-lièu-ciao* was unknown; but there was another, apparently quite distinct from it, called the *C'ing-lièu-ciao*. Mgr. Fontano, however, the apostolical vicar of Se-shuan, a prelate full of that Italian subtlety and keenness which is more than a match for the Chinese, was not to be misled by deceptive appearances, but wrote to certain of his associates, pointing out that the two names were essentially the same, since the word *C'ing* signifies brightness and purity, ideas which we are accustomed to associate with whiteness, while the vocable *Pai* commonly rendered *white* may be used, figuratively, to express both concepts. The *Society of the Clear and Bright Lotus* was therefore identical with that of the *White Lotus*; and the vicar's suggestion, entirely plausible, for the rest, to those familiar with the laws of Chinese poetry whereby the preceding word or idea generates the one that follows, though there may be but a remote analogy between them, received a striking confirmation through subsequent events.

To another illustrious missionary, Mgr. Luigi Simone Faurie, belongs the merit of having penetrated and proclaimed, at least in their main outlines, the doctrines of this vast and formidable sect. Father Bouchard had baptized by the name of Peter, Uang—the Supreme Head of the *C'ing-lièu-ciao* in the North, who had under him twenty-six minor captains, and controlled fifty cities; and the Bishop, in the course of the conversations he had with the convert, for the purpose of confirming his newly-acquired faith, obtained a good deal of authentic information concerning the sect over which Uang had presided for so many years.

In its ethical aspect this doctrine was entirely commendable. Although the affiliated members professed as their first political principle the absolute

necessity of freeing China from the Tartar yoke, and could hardly be blamed for decreeing, to this end, the expulsion of all foreigners from the soil, they nevertheless bound themselves by promises not to kill, not to steal, not to commit adultery, not to utter slander, not to eat flesh, or drink wine, or indulge in any similar misdemeanor. Those who aspired to excel in the practice of virtue had fastened to their girdles a little bag with three compartments, of which the right hand one contained white beans, and the left, black, while the middle one was empty. Whenever the associate had done a good deed—such as removing from the road a stone on which some one might have stumbled, or turning aside to avoid crushing an insect, he put a white bean in the middle compartment. If, on the contrary, he had failed to control his anger, or addressed a fellow-being in violent and injurious terms, or indulged in glances of too free a character, he put in a black bean. At night he counted up his white and his black beans, noted the number of each in parallel lines in his pocket-book, and was able to see at a glance whether he had gained or lost in virtue.

Now, setting aside the singularity of the device for keeping an exact account of one's merits and demerits, it is obviously impossible to reconcile the tolerably exact observance of precepts like the above, scruples about crushing an ant, or looking at another man's wife (whether titular—*Ts'ü*—or secondary—*ccie*) with the ruthless murders and other horrible crimes which we know to have been perpetrated by these men, unless we take into account the strange aberrations into which men are apt to be impelled by religious or political passion. And, as a matter of fact, the Chief Magistrate, as we may call him, of the sect, to whom Uang, under the influence of scruples which ultimately inclined him to the Christian

faith, proposed a few questions of this kind, made answer as follows:—

"The precept—*take not the life of any living thing*—has nothing to do with the slaying of wicked men, because Heaven itself has already separated such from the company of the living. To kill them is to fulfil that highest decree of Heaven, which pronounces them not living but dead. And in like manner it is no robbery to appropriate their money and their goods, because, (1st) they do not deserve to hold property, and (2d.) being already dead in the sight of Heaven they cannot be regarded as owners.

This grim sophism is especially atrocious in that it so calmly includes in the scheme of its logic the inexorable necessity for murder and other crime. But it is a sophism of no country—no more Chinese than European. It belongs to the whole human race, marking the tragic moment when the wild beast within a man is unchained by religious or political rage, and takes ferocious possession of all his powers, not merely subjugating his reason, but—what is far worse—using it as an instrument and a weapon.

Meanwhile, as time went on, the state of affairs in China was much aggravated by the fact that to the instinctive rancor against the oppressors of his race which lurks in the breast of every Chinaman, was added an ever growing wrath at the constant insults offered by a short-sighted, ambitious and disingenuous diplomacy to the yellow race, which came gradually to detest those ideas of progress and that European civilization, to which originally, in the day of the great K'ang-hi it had been decidedly favorable. To be ignominiously beaten, by an old and despised vassal—to see seized and occupied with infamous violence the richest and most beautiful spots upon the sea-coast, as though they belonged to nobody, and were not already inhabited—such things

would be intolerable to any people, even the most insignificant and miserable; how much more to the Chinese who have, and know that they have, a noble tradition of national greatness, honor and power; and who in their pronounced self-esteem, or what Vico calls their "national vain-glory," have held themselves so superior to the Europeans as to designate the latter by the name of barbarians. This appellation was indeed solemnly abolished by the treaty of Tien-tsin, but it has persisted unchanged in the habitual speech of the people.<sup>2</sup>

These reasons for disorder and revolt, the question of nationality and the humiliation of the fatherland by the foreigner, are each more aggravating than the other; a good many Chinese believe that the one is implied in the other, and would fain hasten, not by desires and vows alone but by plots and insurrections, the advent of the auspicious time when foreign intruders shall have been expelled in a body from the soil of the Flowery Kingdom, and China shall once more be for the Chinese. It is impossible, at present, to foresee what will be the end of these aspirations, but they are undoubtedly a chief cause of that terrible recrudescence of the old sectarian evil whose results we have already such reason to deplore.

Just as the sect of the White Lotus became in the next province the sect of the Clear-Shining-Lotus, so now we are continually discovering the existence of associations which bear different names, and are seemingly quite diverse, but which are found, when we examine them attentively, to be merely branches from the same trunk. There is, first,

an occult central power; then a society forming a kind of nucleus, or point of union for the elect, and after that come a variety of associations, all serving as nurseries or schools of sectarian influence, which are closely dependent upon the original society, while yet they adapt themselves to the customs of the place where they are organized, and to the peculiar temper of the individuals who compose them.

For example:—the twenty or thirty millions of Mahomedans are not shut out from the honor of co-operating in the redemption of their country; but since their religious practices and beliefs cannot be reconciled with those of the Chinese, they have a society of their own—the *Hui-hui-geu*, of which very little is really known, although the most absurd things are told concerning it. And, notwithstanding the fact that the Mahomedans generally in 1896 took part in the notorious revolt of the Sclau-si—(one among a multitude of sectarian insurrections and revolts—and one in no way remarkable), whose object was the suppression of *unbelievers*, the *Hui-hui-geu* continue to depend for information concerning the doings of the authorities on that central society of which they are, in their organization and purpose, a direct emanation.

In like manner the *Loving Union of Elder Brothers* (*Kō-hō-huei*)—a military league, composed mainly of army officers and soldiers, to which Mr. Arthur Balfour, for no very convincing reasons, attributed the unfortunate result of the Japanese war,—derives from the same parent association. The object of the "Elder Brothers" is to revive the military spirit of the Chinese—apparently almost extinct—by equipping and drill-

<sup>2</sup> As an illustration of the long-suffering of the Chinese, we may remind our readers that the Germans occupied Kiao-Chou on November 1st, 1897 and it was ceded to them on March 6th, 1898; that the French obtained the cession of Kuang-Chou-Uan on the 4th of April, 1898 and occupied it on the 22d of May in the same year

and that the English occupied Wei-hai-Wei May 30th, 1898 and obtained their concession on the 1st of the following July. The common Chinese name for a European is *lang-kuei-s'*, in the Pekinese dialect *lang-kai-ze*, or Western Devil.

ing such of the sectaries as are destined for active service; and to this end they have instituted, in a great many places, associations resembling our gymnastic societies—or the German *Tir*. But the members of these societies, nicknamed *Boxers* by the English, because their favorite exercises are pugilistic, were destined from the outset, to form part of a revolutionary army.

The immense activities of these and other secret associations are all arranged and regulated by that most potent and formidable society, the *San-ho-huèi*, or *Society of the Concord of Three*, which the English and Americans call the *Triads*—but might more properly call the Trinitarians, since its proselytes honor and worship the Trinity of Heaven, Earth and Man, which they symbolize by the character *Uang* or *King*. Its members are chosen from among the higher orders of all the subordinate sects and it constitutes a powerful body who see in it the *Union of the Masters* or *Depositories of the Word of Life, and Supreme Avengers of the Nation*.<sup>2</sup>

The Trinitarians, as I shall call them, have five principal centres of action (probably more which are not generally known): the mother lodge at Fo-Kien, and the dependent lodges of Kuang-tung, Iün-nan, Hu-guàng and Ce-kiang. So great has been their power in the past, that during the reign of Hien-fing they coined money, and stamped the pieces with the character *ho*—their own particular symbol. Nor are they now for the first time in armed rebellion. From their ranks were recruited the *T'ai-ping*—those intrepid rebels who in 1853 seized Nan-kin, traversed Hu-nan as far as Ci-li, invaded the opulent provinces of Kiang-hsu and Ce-kiang and

were subdued only by European intervention after eleven years of ferocious fighting. (Capture of Nan-kin, July 9th, 1864.)

The Trinitarians also exercise tremendous power in all the places where Chinese emigrants have settled. Almost all the Celestials residing at Singapore subscribe to the *Society of Heaven and Earth*, and the sect is so powerful there, that when its head Ku-tan-beg was condemned to death by the local tribunal, he received the sentence with a smile, affirming that nobody would dare to execute it. And as a matter of fact, his life was granted through fear of reprisals, and the atrocious vengeance which would certainly have been taken, if he had suffered. In the Dutch Indies and the Philippines the sectaries exercise an immense influence, and have more than once compassed the sack of Manila. The Malayan Sultan of the independent state of Perak, was obliged to implore English assistance to put an end to the reign of terror perpetuated in his dominions by 50,000 armed Chinese sectaries, and Charles Brook, the Rajah of Saravak, was at open war with them for a considerable time.

In spite, however, of the serious disturbances at Singapore and Penang and the terrible revolt which they incited at Batavia, the Trinitarians have hitherto been not merely tolerated, but even favored by the English. In these places, as well as in North America, the *San-ho-huèi* assumes rather the form and functions of a Mutual Aid Society, enriching itself by the taxes and contributions, which, like the Camorra and the Mafia, it levies in gaming-hells and other disreputable places. Thus, when the head of the lodge at Penang was

<sup>2</sup> This concord is based upon the Chinese system of cosmogony according to which Heaven, Earth and Man constitute the San-Ts'ai, or Three General agents sometimes represented by a Delta. A proverb common among the learned all over

China is:—San ts'ai cio; tien, ti, gen, or, there are three powers: Heaven, Earth and Man. The idea seems to be that the San-ho-huèi or Society of the Trinity, symbolizes the complete harmony of the universe.

arrested, fifty million francs were found in his possession, and almost as much with one of his accomplices. And these large sums, however decimated by the avarice of the various "heads," may very well go, eventually, to increase the war-fund, accumulated and administered by the mother-lodge.

"Obey Heaven and deal justly" is the motto and password of the Trinitarians. They write this sentence in their books at the beginning of every page; they put it at the heads of all their reports of meetings and other official documents. It is their form of greeting, of salutation and farewell, and they are very proud of a formula whose virtuous and even pious tenor is acceptable to every Chinaman. But the plety is in the form merely. In substance, or rather in the conventional significance attached to it, this phrase, apparently worthy of the sternest moralist, conveys the injunction, "Drive out the Tartars, and restore the Ming dynasty."

The imperial government is not deluded by any such hypocritical pretense, but instructed by experience, it has never failed since the end of the last century, to insert in its *T'a-tsing-lü-li* the following stern proviso:—

"All vagabonds and malefactors guilty of attending reunions, and committing theft with violence, and other crimes, under the domination of *Tièn-ti-huèi* (Societies of Heaven and Earth), if taken and convicted shall suffer death by decapitation; and all those who shall have incited, or given them aid and comfort, shall suffer death by strangulation."

There is a vast difference between these two forms of the extreme penalty. Decapitation outrages the universal sentiment which regards the human body as belonging not to the individual incarnated therein, but to its progenitors; which again is why the vast majority of Celestials would rather die than submit to a surgical amputation. This form

of punishment is also most offensive to the religious feelings of the Chinese, because they believe that the man who appears at the tribunal of the Supreme Judge without a head will be condemned to everlasting pains.

Yet, notwithstanding the stringency of these penalties—which are heavier yet in the case of a member's being condemned by his own associates—an enormous number of persons subscribe to the *San-ho-huèi* for the very sake of that severe moral standard which is put forward as a cloak or cover of its political aims. And this austere morality—though merely apparent—shows clearly enough that the Trinitarians are the heirs and successors of the Societies of the Lotus, whether "white" or "pure," and that the Society of Heaven and Earth, which probably came into existence during the reign of lung-cêng (1723—1735) as a branch or emanation from the ancient *Pai-liên-ciao*, has ended, by a species of metamorphosis not uncommon among secret societies, by absorbing the sect from which it sprang.

But, in the explanation of the more occult doctrines which is vouchsafed to the affiliated members of the society, this origin is carefully concealed. A secret society is always supposed to have originated at some fierce and sanguinary crisis, in some blatant and brutal iniquity which rendered it a necessity; and its work must be made to appear as the fatal, inevitable, irresistible operation of an act of justice which could never have been accomplished within the customary bounds of law. Thus in the lower grades of Freemasonry, men are instructed to believe that the death of Hiram, King of Tyre, who was treacherously slain by three infamous confederates, necessitated the formation of a world-wide sodality; though it is revealed to the higher orders, that this truculent fable is only a solar myth.



The tale told to the Trinitarians, when they are examined for initiation concerning the cause and origin of their league, is less simple as well as less venerable; and its exact symbolical significance has never yet been defined.

During the reign of K'ang-hi—so the story runs—the Mongolian tribe of the Eleuti revolted under the leadership of Kal-dau. The Tartars were in imminent danger because the rebels had succeeded in re-organizing the presumably exterminated army of the conquered party, which largely outnumbered that of the victor. The great monarch in his consternation (it need not be repeated that all this is pure legend) instead of applying to his own ministers and viceroys, invoked the aid of the people, by issuing a proclamation, in which he promised to those who should effect the salvation of the country and the dynasty, ten thousand ounces of gold apiece and hereditary nobility of the third grade, that is to say, an equivalent of the title of Count, which then carried authority over ten thousand families.

Accordingly one hundred and twenty-eight bonzes from the monastery of the *Ksiao-ling-hsi*, on the mountain of *Fo-kién*, undertook alone and without the assistance of any army to exterminate the Eleuti, and their enterprise was completely successful. The emperor would have loaded them with honors, but they would accept only their ten thousand ounces of gold, and returned to their convent, eager to resume their former ascetic life. But the mandarins, jealous of their accomplishment of a task to which no one of themselves had proved equal, hatched a plot against the bonzes, suddenly appeared before their stronghold with a mighty army, and carried the place by assault.

Barely eighteen of the bonzes escaped, carrying with them the seal and the magic sword of their leader. An ambush reduced the survivors to five,

their commander having been slain. The widow of this man, together with five horse-dealers from *Ce-kiang* and *Shan-tung*, joined themselves to the five surviving bonzes; and, like the new Master-masons after the murder of Hiram, they devoted themselves to the execution of that vengeance which culminated in the expulsion of the Tartars from China.

This fanciful tale rests, as has been said before, on no historic foundation whatever. The Eleutian war is a comparatively recent event which has been minutely described by contemporary Chinese writers, while a long and lucid account of it was written by *Kiêu-long* in person (the events having taken place during the reign of this second successor of *Th'ang-hi*), and subsequently translated, revised and annotated by *Padre Amiot* in the "Memorials of the Jesuit Missionaries." Nothing really happened in the whole course of the war bearing the faintest resemblance to the wild legend of the hundred and twenty bellicose bonzes. But, though merely the offspring of the inflamed imagination, possibly of some chief of the *Pai-liên-ciao*, the bloody tradition must have had some remarkable symbolical significance which has hitherto baffled the most patient research, for all the ceremonies of initiation bear some reference to it.

Of the character of the aforesaid ceremonies we should know nothing whatever, were not the powerful society in question as highly favored in the English colonies, as it has been resolutely persecuted in China. In the district of *Malacca*, for instance, the meetings of the Trinitarians, though secret, are not surrounded by the elaborate precautions which are necessary when they take place in the Empire of Ten Thousand Realms. Insomuch that a certain Englishman named *Pickering*, who was absolutely familiar with the

customs and prejudices of the Celestial emigrants, and exercised such an influence over them that he received the official title of *Protector of the Chinese*, was actually permitted to attend some of their reunions. These meetings ought properly to be held in the woods, or upon some mountain, in memory of the ruthless persecutions which the society has had to endure at the hands of a large majority of the mandarins; but in countries which are subject to British rule they are held under cover, in buildings which are known by all to be set apart for that purpose.

On the occasion of admitting a new member, an usher is stationed at the door armed with a red baton. The neophyte must take the baton and hold it firmly with both hands while he recites four verses to the following effect:—

I press the red rod in my two hands.  
For me, on the road hither, there was  
no danger.  
Dost thou ask me, brother, whither I  
am bound?  
Thou camest early, but I have travelled  
slowly.

Death by decapitation—the most abhorred of all penalties by the Chinese for reasons already given—is the punishment of the intruder who ventures to cross that threshold, not knowing, or even knowing imperfectly, the strange quatrain which I have quoted. But he who repeats the conventional stanza without a mistake, is introduced into the *Hall of Sincerity and Justice*, traverses the hall named the *City of the Willow* and proceeds to the *Pavilion of Roses*, where there is a lofty altar, and beside it the Chair of the *Sièn-seng*, or titular Master of the Lodge. The rite also includes a visit to the *Circle of Heaven and Earth*, to the *Bridge of Two Planks* (one of which is of wood, and one of iron) to the *Flaming Furnace*, and the *Temple of Happiness and Virtue*.

Before entering the *Mart of Universal*

*Peace*, which is the hall where the initiation is completed, the candidate is taken into a room on the right where, after having been purified by various ablutions, and clothed in new garments of spotless white, he is considered worthy to be admitted among the brethren. Some dignitary of the Lodge procures his admission, having first given bonds that for three months the new member will not go to law with any of the brethren, nor fall, for three years, to observe the thirty-six articles of the oath. He then takes him by the hand and having requested him to kneel in the centre of the *Mart*, he reads the oath aloud. The neophyte must also promise religiously to observe the laws of filial piety, an engagement which includes, in the mind of a Celestial, the most humble submission to the Heads of the Society; he must agree to regard all the members to whatever class appertaining, as brothers, and to observe with scrupulous exactitude certain precepts enjoining the practice of virtue and benevolence. After he has taken these vows—which would seem better adapted to a company of Cenobites, than to a tumultuous and haughty sect, if we did not know the extreme care always taken in China to clothe even the most reprehensible acts with a fair and righteous appearance—the new member swears never to conceal *serpents*—that is Manchurians—among *dragons*, or loyal Chinamen; and last of all he promises impenetrable secrecy and absolute silence, consenting to have an ear cut off, or to receive a hundred and eight stripes, on the slightest first infraction of the rules, and to suffer death for the second.

When the oath has been administered, all present rise to their feet, take a few drops of blood from the right arm, mix them in token of fraternity, and then sip a cup of tea. Furthermore, in order to emphasize in the strongest manner their obstinate aversion to the

reigning dynasty, which, on its accession to power in 1643, imposed under pain of torture the custom of shaving the greater part of the head, and gathering the remaining hair into one long plait dependent from the poll, all present unbraided their queues, and let the hair float freely over the shoulders, as it did in the good old days when China was for the Chinese, and the "black-maned men" had heads as bushy as the Merovingian kings. In some cases the chief part of the initiation consists in cutting off the queue of the neophyte, but only theoretically; since it is better, especially in the Celestial Empire where the orders of the *Ta-Tsing-lü-li* are strictly enforced, to slide over a rite, which leaves for a time upon the person of the man undergoing it, a conspicuous mark and one likely to attract the attention of the magistrates. For this reason even those more fervid of the affiliated disciples who defy authority by cutting off the pig-tail, are willing to disguise its absence, as do the bald by false braids of silk or horse-hair.

To proceed with the rites of initiation:—the *Siên-seng* then rearranges upon or about the altar a dish full of rice, one hundred and eight *sapeks* wrapped in red paper, and the banners of the five ancestors.<sup>4</sup> These last are triangular in form, and of different colors, each one of them bearing the name of one of the five bonzes who founded the society, and the name of the province in which the lodge is established. The Fokien has a black banner, the Kuang-tun a red, the Iün-nan a yellow, the Hu-quäng a light blue, and the Ce-kiang a green one. To these are added five more banners, which commemorate the

five horse-dealers and bear the names of five other provinces, viz: Kuang-hsi, Shan-si, Ssê-Chuân, Kang-su and Kiang-si.

Other banners represent the five elements: black for water, red for fire, green for wood, white for metal, yellow for earth; and the four seasons: green for spring, red for summer, white for autumn and black for winter; while a blue banner also indicates the sky, a yellow one the earth, a red one the sun and a white one the moon. Still more brilliant and highly decorated are the four great standards set in a line, representing the four poles, or quarters into which the constellations of the Chinese heaven are divided; black indicating the north, or home of the pole-star, which is dominated by the *Fighting-Cock*; red, the south, which is ruled by the *Red Bird*; green, the east where the sun rises, which is under the sway of the *Blue Dragon*; white, the west, where the sun sets, under that of the *White Tiger*.

Beside these symbols, which refer to a theory of cosmogony peculiar to the society, the *Siên-seng* displays the "eight trigrams," the standard of "Victorious Brotherhood," woven of yellow, green, pink and scarlet threads, a yellow parasol, the insignia of the four Heads of the Society, the banner of the Grand Master, and finally the "tablets" of the Five Ancestors. On the right of the latter are arranged the sacred sword and mirror, and a pair of shears; on the left, a measuring-wand, the scabbard of the sacred sword, a balance with weights, the "four treasures of the writer," and five hanks of spun silk, white, red, yellow, green and black.<sup>5</sup>

<sup>4</sup> The sapek or Z'ien is the thousandth part of a tael. The tael of commerce is at present worth about 3f. 75c. (75 cents). The sapeks have a hole in the middle and are usually strung together by thousands, one thousand constituting a "string." Since, according to the Chinese, Heaven is round and Earth square, the sapek which is a round coin with a square hole, sym-

bolises the marriage of Heaven and Earth and is an image of the perfect man.

<sup>5</sup> It would take too long fully to explain the character and significance of the funeral or commemorative tablets and their importance in the life and faith of a Chinaman. Suffice it to say that they bear the names of deceased ancestors, and that according to the almost universal

It is an invariable custom on these solemn occasions when the mortuary tablets are exposed, also to bring as offerings to the altar, specimens of the main articles of subsistence, namely, five cups of tea, five cups of wine, and five mouthfuls of rice, together with a pair of chopsticks, the flesh of the three sacrificial animals (swine, chicken and duck), seven lighted lamps, and two huge red candles.

When the liturgical and symbolical arrangement of the hall is complete, the Master delivers an address setting forth the sins of the Manchurian dynasty against the Chinese, and the great deeds of the Five Bonzes, and rehearsing all the cruel vicissitudes of those victims of foreign perfidy; after which he calls upon the *Sièn-seng*, or Head of the Vanguard, to recite the 333 articles which comprise the whole creed of the society. At the conclusion of this performance, which takes more than an hour, the big candles are lighted, the wine is poured in libation, and the initiated is at last a full-fledged Brother.

He then receives a diploma and is instructed in the signs by which members recognize one another. In the management of the parasol, in offering an opium-pipe, in pouring or drinking tea, in their manner of walking, sitting and standing still, the initiated have always some peculiarity of glance, voice, or gesture, which would escape the notice of the indifferent crowd, while at once revealing to a "brother" the welcome presence of another "brother," and exciting in the breast of both a joy all the more intense and intoxicating, for the need to repress or conceal it.

Barring certain unimportant variations, the liturgy of initiation into this all-powerful society and all its other functions are essentially the same in

belief, the spirit of the dead dwells in them. The "four treasures of the writer" are ink, a stone inkstand, paper and pens.

every province, and in every branch of the parent organization by whatever name it may be known. The system of cosmogony in which the members are instructed, is also everywhere the same; and the political ends, pursued with undeviating purpose and burning faith, are universally identical. This marvellous unanimity and the enormous membership of the society, far transcending that of any secret organization in Europe, are equally the result of conditions peculiar to the pig-tailed subjects of the Society of the Son of Heaven.

The tendency to association already noticed, and an age-long experience of the inexhaustible benefits flowing from the combination into a single force of many separate energies, have resulted in an enormous extension and multiplication, among the Chinese, of all manner of openly acknowledged and allowed societies, leagues and brotherhoods.

Their great partiality for secret organizations, on the other hand, springs from a very marked trait of the national character, namely, their proneness to indirect and even disingenuous methods and their positive passion for mystery—all indispensable conditions of the proper secret working and steady growth of the different sects. If even when talking with his most trusted friend, a Chinaman will naturally and without premeditation conceal a certain portion of his thought; if their habitual conversation, as represented in their own plays, novels and romances, is always vague and allusive, suggesting a thousand things, while positively affirming none, we can readily understand how they must revel in the false glozes and double-meaning, the reserves and the ingenious falsehoods, which are positively indispensable to the conspirator.

For the rest, if these inherent causes were not enough to explain the irresist-

ible fascination for the Chinese of secret reunions and conventicles, there are other and very serious ones arising out of the administrative system in China. So vast an empire cannot be regulated and governed without certain inevitable discomforts, and the creaking of some wheels in the machinery. However careful, cautious, wary and even suspicious the central administration, established in the metropolis, may be, it is impossible that there should not arise among the officials of the provinces, especially where these are removed from the centre by a journey of many months, a spirit of relative independence, a desire to make the will of the ruler law; in a word, to govern autocratically. Such abuses are constantly occurring in places remote from the seat of government and must not be ascribed to the Realm of Flowers alone. On the contrary, when we consider the immense extent of the Chinese territory and the difficulties which beset roads long enough to reach from one end of Europe to the other, it must be conceded that even in this respect, the government of the Celestials is more admirable than is commonly supposed.

At all events there is no other possible defence against the abuse and encroachments of the local magistrates, nor any other guaranty of the rights of the individual equal to that offered by secret associations. Hence comes the marked difference between such associations in the East and those of Europe; and while they recall the "hunger and thirst for justice" in which the dark tribunal of the Sacred Vehm had its origin, they also resemble, in the mutual protection which they offer against all manner of tyranny, the Camorra and the Mafia, which also, originally, were eminently defensive institutions, destined to protect their members against the violence and malice of all the unscrupulous oppressors.

But after the Manchurian conquest and the expulsion of the Ming dynasty, this original purpose became entirely secondary to that sentiment of nationality, the defence of which was assumed by the secret societies, because the hated tyranny of the conquerors could not be successfully resisted in any other way. And while they are squarely opposed to the covetous plans of the Europeans, it cannot be denied that the whole body of societies affiliated with *San-ho-huèi* (or Society of Heaven, Earth and Man), has given proof of a most honorable tenacity of purpose, in that for two centuries and a half, they have kept alive the flame of hostility to the conqueror, and the love of personal independence. From their own point of view, they have a sacred and immutable right, by any and all means, to expel from the "Flower of the Centre" strangers of every name and country.

There is no doubt that contact with Europe has imparted to the societies in question a greater consistency of aim and method; but it would be the height of ignorance and malevolence to hold the Catholic missionaries responsible for this fact, as certain highly influential journals have done.

The one serious and sinister charge which can be brought against them in the Celestial Empire is that originally preferred by Kio-scèu, and perpetually repeated, of being sectaries and fomenting revolution in their secret assemblies. Hence, intrepid and generous-minded priests, who are also men of insight, and well used to political dishonesty, have done their utmost to prevent the members of secret societies from justifying in any way the suspicion of disloyalty and so furnishing a pretext for their own persecution. There is proof in plenty of the rigid adherence of the Catholic missionaries to what has always been with them a main principle and traditional line of conduct;



but we may quote as a single illustration, the extremely active and sagacious measures taken by Monsigneur Faurie, the Apostolical vicar of Kiêu-Ciêu, at the time of the baptism of Peter Uang, one of the chief Heads of the *C'ing-liêu-ciao*, in order to avert the suspicions which might have been aroused by that notorious conversion. Other proofs of the same thing have been furnished the writer by that distinguished Orientalist Gherardo de Vincentiis, who will shortly publish an extremely valuable work on "Disputed Rites," containing copies of documents of the highest value.

But while it can be shown by authentic documents that, in the matter of the secret societies, the Catholic missionaries have observed the rules of common prudence, and always practised a laudable caution, there is no blinking the fact that strong encouragement has been afforded to these leagues by certain European nations eagerly desirous of securing the lion's share, in the division of the estate of the Sick Man of the Far East. For many years now the great dignitaries of English Freemasonry, which is so very widely diffused among the English colonies, especially those in Asia, have maintained close and friendly relations with the main group of the secret societies in China.

And when, after all the blunders committed by British diplomacy during the Chino-Japanese war, the ascendancy of England in China had apparently given place to that of Russia and France, an enthusiastic young publicist of Canton, K'ang-io-uee, noted in the city of his birth for a tolerably extensive acquaintance with the classic writers, and a certain skill in the management of his own pen, was lauded to the skies by the English press, merely because he had preached innovation and reform with open and most intemperate violence, while allying with some-

what greater caution his nationalistic aspirations. The China Mail, The Daily Press of Hong-Kong, the North China Daily News of Shanghai all united in extolling this reckless revolutionist. He was hailed as "the new Confucius," and, thanks to the artificial prestige with which his name was invested, he became the visible pontiff and accredited mouthpiece of the sectaries, who helped to swell his fame for the express purpose of safely hiding behind him. It was thought good to supply this "apostle of civilization" with a regular pulpit from which to preach the new word to the multitude, and by a combination of open encouragement and secret favors, he was enabled to establish the newspaper named the Uang-pao, which was welcomed with jubilation by all those initiated into secret matters, and supported far more by the flagrant subscriptions of the English than by the *leang*.

There dates from that time an alarming increase of power among the secret societies; and ever since the intrepid Ts'e-hsi, who holds the rank of *Hsi-tai-hou*, or Regent of the Western Chamber, defeated by a masterly *coup d'état*, on the night of September 21st-22d, 1898, the plot so ingeniously devised against her weakly nephew Kuang-hsi, they have never desisted from their purpose, though pursuing it in silence and obscurity. Eighteen months after that dire and, by the English, unforgettable affront, the secret societies raised the standard of revolt. History will say whether the explosion of that mine was accidental, or long and carefully prearranged; and it will also say whether or no foreign influences fanned the flame and strengthened the hands of the *Boxers*, who stand, among the sectarian associations in China for what is elsewhere called the *Party of Action*. But, up to the present time, it is undeniable that the Boxers, who are also what I have called Trinitarians, and in-

timately associated with other secret organizations, have been fighting for the independence and integrity of their country.

*Nuova Antologia.*

*Francesco Cerone.*

For Chinese literature referring to the secret societies the reader is referred to Henri Cordier, *Bibliotheca Sinica*, Paris, Leroux: Col. 861-864; to *Secret Societies in China* by A. Wylie, published in the *North China Herald*, 1853, and reprinted in the *Shanghai Almanac*, 1854; to *Secret Societies in Shantung*, by the Rev. D. H. Porter in *Chinese Recorder* xvii 1886; to *The Chinese Secret Triad Society of Tien-ti-huili* by Lieut. Newbold, A. Q. C. and Maj. Gen Wilson C. B. *Madras Army in Journal Roy. As. Soc.* Vol. vi. 1841, pp. 120-158; to *Chinese Secret Societies and Their Origin*, by Mr. W. A. Pickering in *Jour. (Straits Branch) of Roy. As. Soc.* No. I 1878 and No. III 1879; to *Thian-Ti-Hwai, the Hung, or Heaven and Earth League*, by Gustave Schlegel, Batavia: Lange, 1866; to *The Chinese and Their Rebellions*, by Thomas Taylor Meadows, *Chinese Interpreter in H. M. Civil Service*, London 1856; to *Freemasonry in China*, by Herbert A. Giles, Hong-kong, Amoy, 1880; to Cordier, *Les Societes Secretes Chinoises*, Paris, 1888. J. W. Lebuq Associations de la Chine, Paris, Watteller. Invaluable information has been furnished the writer by Prof. Cav. Sherardo de Vincetilla, Director of Instruction in the Royal Oriental Institute of Naples and by Baron Guido Vitale, Interpreter and Secretary to the Legation at Pekin and Asst. Prof. of Chinese in the same institution, to both of whom are due my most hearty thanks.

## THE SONGS OF ERIN.

"Music shall outlive all the songs of the birds."—Old Irish.

I've heard the lark's cry thrill the sky o'er the meadows of  
Lusk,  
And the first joyous gush of the thrush from Adare's April  
wood;  
At thy lone music's spell, Philomel, magic-stricken I've stood,  
When, in Espan afar, star on star trembled out of the dusk.

While Dunkerron's blue dove murmured love, 'neath her nest  
I have sighed,  
And by mazy Culdaff with a laugh mocked the cuckoo's  
refrain:  
Derrycarn's dusky bird I have heard piping joy hard by pain,  
And the swan's last lament sobbing sent over Moyle's mystic  
tide.

Yet as bright shadows pass from the glass of the darkening  
lake,  
As the rose's rapt sigh soon must die, when the zephyr is  
stilled;  
In oblivion gray sleeps each lay that those birds ever trilled,  
But the songs Erin sings from her strings shall immortality  
wake.

*Macmillan's Magazine.*

*Alfred Perceval Graves.*

## THE TREASURE: A HOME TALE.\*

BY HEINRICH SEIDEL.

## VII.

## ANXIETIES.

Six years had passed since Wigand had assumed the direction of the estate and it was easy to see that it had changed its condition for the better. Its productiveness grew from year to year, and yet its young owner now encountered grave anxieties. He had invested in it not only his own little private fortune, but all the income that had come in, and as the good soil fully responded to the pains lavished on it, numerous improvements had been effected. The new buildings most needed had been erected, the land had been drained and thoroughly cultivated, the stock of animals considerably increased, and the yield of the fields had been doubled. When he took charge of the property it had been found loaded down with mortgages, and under the management that then existed foreclosure had been a question of but a short time. Wigand's efficiency had prevented this, but the burden imposed by the mortgage interest was still heavy and took up the largest portion of the income. Now Wigand, trusting in his lucky star, had made the mistake of going ahead too fast; he had put all that he possessed and had earned into the property, and not set aside a sufficient sum for bad times. And bad times came. The previous year the rainfall had been greater than within the memory of man. A portion of the meadow hay had been carried away by a sudden rise of the Richnow, the re-

mainder was thoroughly soaked by the constant rains and it had little value for feeding purposes. The clover had been similarly affected. The entire summer had been rainy and, what was worse, warm at the same time, so that the heat and moisture caused the corn to swell on the ear and the result of the harvest was but moderate and of little value. Moreover, in the whole of remaining Germany and the outlying countries great quantities of corn had been grown, and the huge supply lowered the price. For the unfortunate excess of moisture had been confined to that part of the state which was influenced by the Baltic, and which, as is well known, has its own climate. There followed a severe winter without snow and with intense frost, so that entire fields were winter-killed, and in the spring had to be sowed over again with summer corn. But, as though to even up things, this next year was the driest that had been known for a long time. The summer corn grew poorly and presented a pitiful appearance. Up to June there prevailed sunshine with a strong east wind and chilly air, while some nights of frost during May did a good deal of harm; then came on hot weather with a sky that was uncompromisingly blue and cloudless. As early as the first part of July it might safely be assumed that the harvest would be a poorer one than that of the previous year. And once again the report of the prospect in other lands was so favorable that the price of corn fell still more.

Wigand had been able to bear up against the disaster of the previous year; that of the second caused him

\* Translated for *The Living Age* by Hasket Derby. Copyright by *The Living Age Co.*

grave embarrassment. He had heavy payments to make in the fall and had no idea how he should raise the funds. One of his heaviest mortgages moreover fell due at the same time, and he had no prospect of placing it elsewhere. For owing to the generally bad state of things money was scarce in that part of the country, and hard to raise, especially in the face of diminished security. His uncle, whose aid he had sought, was unable to help him. The events of the last two years had drawn on his resources too, and moreover he had invested in a sugar factory that had just been erected, and was busy altering over his estate for the production of beets. As is well known this is a costly proceeding, and all his ready money was disposed of for some time to come.

So Wigand rolled his cares along before him just as Sisyphus did his stone, and each time he contrived to raise this stone of care to the summit of a hill of hope it would roll mercilessly back again. He saw his fate approaching, grisly and unavoidable it was creeping up to him. If he were unable to get together the needed money at the set time, a catastrophe was inevitable. The estate would have to be sold, and with it would vanish all his hopes of a happy and certain future. The times were bad for making a sale; it was hardly to be expected that it would result in more than the paying off of the mortgages. Then everything would be lost, his own property and all that he had earned during these years of hard labor, for he had put the whole of this into the soil he had learned to hold so dear. With consternation he regarded the future. There was nothing for him to do but to return to his former calling, from which seven years of absence had now estranged him. Although he felt little doubt as to his ability to maintain his family, his power of work being unimpaired, yet he shuddered at the

thought that his fair and beloved wife would through him be compelled to leave her home, the place she so dearly loved, and which had been for upwards of three hundred years in the possession of her family. All the fine dreams of the future they had together indulged in were now to melt into thin air. He imagined inhabiting a flat in a treeless street of the great city, and he thought wofully of his three children, whose blooming features bore evidence of the fact that they now freely roamed garden and field. Were they to melt away into the pale decorum of a cramped town residence? At times he fairly boiled with rage at the thoughtlessness of fate. Here there was not a shadow of doubt but that this estate would sooner or later fully respond to the money and the labor expended on it; and was everything now to be ruined by a stupid concatenation of circumstances? Constant brooding and the eternal cares, from which he saw no escape, fairly made him sick and hollow eyed, and paralyzed his activity. Indeed he began to indulge in foolish thoughts, hunted up the old manuscripts which had once been found in the castle walls and brooded over the location of the buried treasure; he looked up the local names in the old plans and papers, and made Bevernest tell him all about the excavations conducted by the old Herr von Rephun. It was only a certain sense of shame that held him back from trying the digging for himself.

One day towards the end of August of this year he paced up and down the single linden walk of his park, absorbed in brooding thought. That morning word had come that a chance of raising money, on which he had placed great reliance, had been lost to him. The grisly demon Care had awakened from his half slumber and raised himself to his full height. With pallid eyes and bloodless visage he now scornfully

glowered at him. As he was restlessly walking up and down, his head bowed and his hands clasped behind his back, he encountered the pastor, who, as was his wont, had been after grubs and butterflies in the alder thicket and in the park. They exchanged greetings and the pastor exclaimed: "An out and out year for butterflies with all this heat and drought; I never knew the like. Painted ladies, admirals and mourning cloaks are at the end of the summer as common as cabbage butterflies. What say you, Herr Wigand, the season of flowers is now past, shan't we have a hunt for butterflies together some evening by lantern light, but this time with bait? My wife has already a supply of strings on which apples have been roasted. We will give them a good soaking in beer with honey and a little rum, and hang them up in the garden in the place you know. You'll see what a rush we shall have. But, to tell the truth, we are neither of us likely to make such a catch as we did that memorable evening." And he broke out again into one of his customary, silent laughs.

But when he observed that Wigand retained his seriousness, and that no responsive gleam lighted up his sad countenance, he continued on in a tone of sympathy: "Yes, I know, Herr Wigand, you have your cares. These are bad years for the farmer. Last year everything rotted and this year everything has dried up. I have observed this on my own small possessions, and my wife complains that the cows give only half their usual quantity of milk. Well, the Lord above is sure to send us better years."

"O, he'll send them fast enough," said Wigand bitterly, "but their benefits will accrue to others. You won't find me here then."

"Tell me the whole story," said the pastor, "perhaps I can see daylight. Help may be nearer than you think."

And he gave his hand a hearty pressure.

Wigand had never yet laid his affairs before his old friend, but he felt now that it would be a relief to tell the story, and he rapidly rehearsed to him the main facts, without, however, giving him an idea of the amount of money he needed.

During this explanation the pastor's features had lighted up wonderfully, and something like a sunshiny gleam hovered about his mouth. He beamed with inward joy which glorified his honest face. "Now just see," he cried, "what a good thing it is to make a clean breast to a trusty old friend! Perhaps your troubles are at an end. My wife and I have no children; we have learned to look on you and your dear wife in that light, and when I let your little Helmuth ride on my knee, or when he takes his net and chases after peacocks' eyes, I fancy that he is my grandson. He knows lots about butterflies, the rascal. Now you see we have laid up something during all these years. If we had sons they would be able to study, if we had daughters we could give them dowries. But as this blessing has not been vouchsafed us, what are we to do with this lucre, I say. The question can now be solved in the simplest manner. There are something over twenty-four thousand marks. When would you like the money? For you shall be most welcome to it."

Wigand was deeply moved, tears came into his eyes and his face flushed with suppressed emotion. He gripped the pastor's right hand with both his own and pressed it warmly, without at first finding the proper words for a reply.

"Well," said the pastor, "you feel better now, don't you? There is a load off your mind." And he looked so confident and there was such a roguish gleam in his eyes, that it was evident



he felt he had perpetuated a stunning joke.

What went most to Wigand's heart was the fact that he was compelled to destroy this pleasant illusion.

"I would take the money this moment, my dear pastor," said he, "if I were only sure it would do any good. But the fact is that it is not enough, nothing like enough. It is quite certain that it would all be lost when the crash came. It would take a good deal more to ward that off."

The pastor looked exceedingly troubled; he evidently had not anticipated a refusal on such a ground.

"Dear, dear, dear!" he said, musingly rubbing the stubbly beard on his chin. "Why this is terrible. Is it going to amount to nothing, all that you and your inspector have accomplished the last six years with so much toil and trouble, so much that has won the admiration of those who understand these things? It was but a little while ago that Gädke-Krönkenhagen said to me: 'In regard to the way they run the Richenberg farm, I tell you, it is great.' That man's praise is worth having! O, it is too bad!"

While the two men were conversing they had drawn near the castle and now stood close to the great lawn, which was surrounded by a circle of large oleanders planted in tubs. While Wigand was giving a more detailed account of the state of his affairs, the pastor had his eyes fixed on the ground and was listening intently. Of a sudden his attention appeared to be arrested by something he noticed on the white gravel of the path, near one of the oleander tubs. He bent over and closely scrutinized certain little dark objects which lay there, and were shaped like the tiny fluted capitals of a pillar. It was certain that this phenomenon greatly excited him. He directed a piercing gaze at the branches forming the crest of the oleander just over the

objects on the ground that had so arrested his attention, then he stooped down to the ground again and became exceedingly uneasy. Wigand had now completed his story; the pastor grasped his hand and harangued him in the most sympathetic manner, saying: "Time brings counsel" and "God does not forsake his elect" and the like, but he seemed a little absent-minded. Wigand kept on with his walk and the pastor followed him hesitatingly, not without a second look at the ground and another and another at the crown of the oleander tree. At the next tub he again came to a standstill, for he noticed here too the indications that had so impressed him. And now he could contain himself no longer. The conflict between the fanatical collector and the sympathetic benefactor had evidently resulted in a temporary victory for the former. "Excuse me, Herr Wigand," he said in a tone that was almost one of complaint, "if at this critical moment my attention is suddenly arrested by something comparatively trivial. But I have just made a discovery which has taken such possession of me that my uneasiness and curiosity to ascertain whether my supposition is correct are almost more than I can endure. I implore you, do not ascribe it to a want of sympathy. You can see into my heart. And now permit me to get a chair and examine this oleander."

Despite his melancholy Wigand could not withhold a smile. He hurriedly got a chair for the old gentleman and helped him mount on it. With hands that trembled from excitement the pastor bent the branches apart and examined each one attentively. After a while he gave a silent laugh and turned with a flushed face to Wigand. "What I had imagined—in fact the plant that had been fed upon made the thing certain—is indeed the case; good fortune has again showered her marvellous

horn of plenty upon me. Are you aware what I have found here?"

"Sphinx Neri!" inquired Wigand with a certain anxiety.

"Why, of course!" replied the pastor. "A full-grown, wonderfully beautiful grub of the oleander butterfly. In very hot summers it often happens that this swiftly flying creature wings its way as far North as this and deposits its eggs here. Will you permit me to cut off the branch? It might injure the grub were I to break it off."

"Surely," said Wigand.

Then he came down, all beaming with happiness, and drew attention to the splendid grub, to the rich green of its body, which was delicately dotted with white points, and to the yellowish head with its beautiful blue patches.

"A fine creature," he said, "it is easy to see that he comes of a royal line. But where one grub is, others must be." So saying he took his chair and carried it to the next oleander.

Wigand expressed his readiness to help him. "All right," he said, "you know that one generally examines the ground to find these grubs. If one finds there no traces of the happy working of their digestive apparatus, there will probably be nothing above."

At the expiration of a full hour all the oleanders had been thoroughly searched, and the pastor found himself in possession of a large branch on which were nestled twenty-one of these precious grubs. "I wonder," he said, "whether Cæsus enjoyed himself so much when he took a walk through his treasury, as I do when I look upon this branch. Ah, Herr Wigand, I am thoroughly ashamed of myself for feeling so superlatively happy when you have so much anxiety. And what will Loo say?" Then he departed in triumph.

Bevernest, who had come up with his pony wagon to water the oleanders, grumbled to himself behind him:

"That I did not see the beastly old worm before he did, that's what's the matter. I would have got rid of the whole boodle. As it is the pastor goes through every tree, and cuts out a big junk. He says the heat has hatched out the creatures. I suppose he is glad that everything else has dried up. Well, all I have to say is that one man's owl is the next man's nightingale."

#### VIII.

#### A LETTER.

Berlin, August 27th.

Dear Wigand:—Since our short meeting last year at the railway station in New Brandenburg, where fate in the shape of a relentless guard whistled us off in opposite directions at the end of a few minutes, I have often thought of you, and have been unable to forget what you rattled off to me about the old castle, the park that had gone wild, and your work as a landed proprietor. We were so suddenly forced apart that I had no opportunity of telling you how I too had changed my calling. Seven or eight years ago, when we had so many good times at the sign of the Coachman, Hausmann's in the Jägerstrasse, bearing in mind the proverb, "a dinner of herbs where love is," I was on the point of taking my barrister's examination, which later on I passed, and in addition was enabled to adorn my name with the title of doctor. Despite all this I enrolled myself among the lovers of art. During my school years and through the influence of my uncle, a busy physician in my native place, I became inoculated with a passion for art objects belonging to the last century. Long before the productions of the rococo period had come to be as much the rage as at present, he had succeeded in making a fine collection of such objects, which at that time

were both neglected and despised. At the time he began his searches we were in an era of uncompromising barrenness, the worst that the world of art has ever experienced. It was the time of the blue, the red or the green room, of plaster casts, mahogany furniture, and snow-white china, which forfeited its gentility if it were decorated with more than a narrow, gold edge. At auctions where family belongings were sold out, old Meissen and Berlin ware could often be had for a mere song, he had even been able to get together some pretty pieces of Sèvres. In his capacity as an able and popular physician he had often received presents, his fondness for "old and antiquated rubbish" being well known, and his joy at receiving them had been regarded with a smile of gentle compassion. He had beautiful old bronze and porcelain clocks, swell front chests of drawers with marble tops, inlaid flowers and bronze trimmings, gracefully shaped chairs and other furniture, and plenty of other things which I will not delay to enumerate. All these objects were so charmingly and becomingly ordered in the two rooms he inhabited that I received a very different impression from that made on me by the pride of my mother's heart, our green room, which was decked out with a green carpet, furniture upholstered in green plush, a green table cloth, green tapestry and green leaved plants, and which lent to every visitor a gentle watery and corpse-like pallor, due to the reflection of so much green.

My uncle was a man of medium height, well proportioned, with slender white hands and a delicate pale complexion, which made me sometimes think he was himself made of porcelain, the material of which he was so fond. I can plainly see him before me, sitting in his little museum on his old seat, turning about some beautiful vase or beautifully shaped teapot in his

well proportioned, almost fairy-like hands, and regarding it with the eyes of a connoisseur, while he drew my attention to the delicate lines and the pleasing grace of the ornamentation, and to the exquisite shading or metallic brilliancy of the coloring. For I had become a great favorite with the old man, whose peculiar tastes made him feel so solitary, especially after he had discovered in me an intelligent sympathy, and a gradually developing appreciation, in strong contrast with the entire indifference or polite avoidance of such subjects manifested by most of his friends and acquaintances. Thus I spent a good deal of time with him, and learned in my youth much that was of use to me later on. I became too the most frequent visitor of the gallery of paintings in our little capital. In addition to a few Italian pictures of doubtful value there was a long line of exquisite Dutch paintings, and these collateral studies, pursued as they were with diligence, finally awakened in me a burning desire to devote myself to the study of art. This wish was frustrated by the stern opposition of my father, who would have nothing to do with art. So I took up the study of the law, as a man generally does in such a case, this science leading to pursuits which as time went on might ramify in so many different directions. You yourself, my dear friend, are well aware how I, during my residence in Berlin, never lost sight of the things I had most at heart; how many hours I spent in the museums, how I made the acquaintance of prominent collectors, and how, although seldom a purchaser myself, I rarely missed one of the great auctions at Sachse's or Lepke's. You often teased me about this hobby of mine, my dear fellow, for you never had the faintest appreciation of such things. You never cared a button about the looks of the thing you ate or drank out of; you

could live years in a room whose paper was a glaring insult to good taste, whose carpet was a conspicuous outrage, the curtains murderous and the furniture sudden death.

When, after four years, I had passed my examinations, my father died suddenly and left me a property, the income of which was quite sufficient for my personal needs. I did not for an instant hesitate as to my future course, I devoted myself wholly to my beloved art studies, passed a number of years in visits to Vienna, London, Holland and more especially Paris, and prosecuting my labors with enthusiasm acquired a fund of knowledge which I may say without boasting is seldom attained in this field by one so young. It is not to be wondered at that my work was especially devoted to the rococo period, for the trees of our riper years are often rooted in the impressions of early youth. I have of late worked very hard and spent most of my time in accumulating materials for my book which is to be entitled "Contributions to the Knowledge of the Smaller Works of Art Belonging to the Rococo Period," which I have just completed and which I think will give me a moderate standing in the world of science.

In my attempt, my dear Wigand, to let you know my history since we have been separated from each other, I have rather overwritten myself, and find that I have composed what is more of an article than a letter. Involuntarily I think of Heine's lines:

Twelve pages elegantly writ—

A manuscript indeed—

Who takes his pen to say farewell,  
Indites a shorter screed!

And thus I come to the real object of my letter, for instead of taking leave I announce my coming. In other words I am going to make you a visit. During all these years I have scarce looked to the right or the left, my eyes

have spent themselves on books and on objects of art, on those autumnal blossoms of a slowly withering art, soon to pass over into winter, dreary and monotonous, driven before the mighty blast of revolutionary tempest. In this I do not deceive myself, the winter is not yet overpast. For the present stir in every field that includes matters of art is no advancing spring, but the greenhouse blossoming of a winter garden, where the Gothic, the Roman, every kind of Renaissance, rococo, yes, even the products of India and Japan, and whatever else you will, grow harmoniously side by side. The Art of to-day is artificial. It does not strike root among the people, it does not bloom any more among the handicrafts, but it is taught in the schools. But pardon me for once more digressing, especially in regard to a subject which I have every reason to believe you regard with scorn.

So you see I am wearied of the city and weary a little of art as well. The faint odor of varnish in the museums nauseates me. A short time since, after I had substantially completed my book, we had a rococo exhibition here, and I had a good deal to do with getting it up. This capped the climax. I begin to realize that I am a human being and not simply a visiting and writing machine; that there are actual fields, meadows, lakes and forests other than those done in oil colors, and flowers different from those that are painted and inlaid in wood. When I think of a purling stream winding through a flowery mead, the thought that there is anything as astonishing as this thrills me through and through. I hope your park, wild as it is, possesses such a poetic contrivance. There I will recline myself and hearken to the murmuring and trickling, rattling and dropping, to the buzzing of the flies, hammering of the woodpeckers and the distant cry of the hawk. In the even-

ing I will go to the stand at the edge of the wood and dream and shoot without hitting and get laughed at by the hares. I will go over the farm with you and look at the turnips; in fact I long to hear you converse about provender, the care of horses, guano and Chili saltpetre. I will eat clotted cream and black bread with bacon, and evenings I will play solitaire, or else join you in a game of sixty-six.

So, my dear friend, if you have an empty room for me and a place at your

table, let me know it. It would give me very great pleasure to see you once more and renew our old friendship. My compliments to your dear wife, whose acquaintance I promise myself the pleasure of making, and send an answer soon to

Your friend,  
Anton Radloff.

P. S. One thing more. I am bound to fish. I stake my happiness on catching some minnows!

(To be concluded.)

## ABNER THE HUMBUG.

### FROM WITHOUT.

By his brother-clerks Abner Jones was regarded as a book-keeping machine that added nothing to life but figures, drew nothing from life but wages. On the stroke of nine every morning he walked into the dingy little office in Basinghall Street, nodded mechanically to his brother-clerks, then fell to work on his great ledgers. With the first stroke of six in the evening his pen dropped, his ledgers closed, and the chief clerk of Matthew Baxter & Son, East India merchants, vanished. During business hours he never joined in the general talk of the office. And the unanimous verdict of his associates was, that a more aggressively unsociable creature than Abner Jones did not cumber the face of the earth.

Basinghall Street opinion concerning Abner Jones was, although unanimous, out of line with the truth. Abner Jones loved life and enjoyed life at sixty-eight years of age even more than he had loved or enjoyed life when his years numbered less than twenty. At his two little rooms at the north of London he often entertained distinguished people.

Moreover, he had travelled to nearly every country under the swift-racing sun.

Why was Abner misunderstood by his fellow-clerks? How could the old book-keeper, whose income had never exceeded thirty shillings a week, entertain the great and travel to the far away?

The answer to both questions is the same. For half a century Abner Jones had been a professional humbug, his chief victim being Abner Jones.

### DREAM-LIFE.

Until he was twenty and a turn Abner Jones was like other English lads, although a touch of his mother's Spanish blood did, at times, dominate that inherited from his bluff seafaring English father. He lived a surface life; thought little, read less; worked hard at the office in the city, but only lived "all over" when in the cricket field.

At twenty, however, Abner Jones changed; for at twenty Abner fell in love with Emily Dane, a little governess who lived in the house where he lodged.



Abner's courtship ran swiftly into an engagement of marriage. The young people, however, could not wed in the morning hour of love; the home had to be won first. Abner slaved and saved in the City; Emily went to Rome as governess with a family willing to pay well for long hours and hard work. Then followed six months in which Abner was indeed a man of letters, living in and by the many missives which flew between London and Rome. Then a break came in the chain of letters—two months of silence. Then a letter in a strange handwriting. Roman fever had claimed another English victim. Emily Dane was dead!

At first Abner was too weak to read the terrible letter to the end. Indeed a month passed before he summoned courage to do this. Then it was that he first learned how Emily, a prey to the queer fever fancies, had, just before her death, whispered faintly to the doctor:

"I, Emily, take thee, Abner, to be my wedded husband;" then she had fallen asleep, and from that sleep passed to the house not made with hands in that other Eternal City.

Abner Jones, in his attic-room at twilight, read of this uncompleted wedding ceremony. And as he read a light seemed to go out in his body; but a new light—softer, colder—suffused his mind. And it was in very truth a "new" Abner Jones who, an hour later, took up his Prayer-book and, right hand outstretched into the shadows, slowly repeated the words:

"I, Abner, take thee, Emily, to be my wedded wife."

Then, a new light in his large blue eyes, he continued:

"This is our little home, wife—ours forever."

And on the instant there rang clearly in Abner's ears:

"Yes, Abner, husband—our little home forever."

And then was born Abner Jones the humbug, and dream-life began.

\* \* \* \* \*

Abner before Emily's death had never been a reader. But Emily's books, which had been forwarded to him from Rome, possessed a new attraction; and every night, after he had eaten his supper, he would now settle to a read before the blazing fire—a long read out of Emily's books, to Emily his wife. For Abner was as conscious of Emily's presence in the room as he was of his own existence. There she sat, in the low chair to the left of the fireplace, smiling, happy. And every time he looked up from his book she nodded, smiled and said:

"Read on, Abner dear; I'm listening—I love you."

And Abner, the happy humbug, would read on and on, until the night grew old and his young eyes dim from looking at the much that was and the more that was not.

Such play with probability was dangerous for one who, like Abner, lived a mechanical, unimaginative life during the day, and at night came home to small, ill-furnished lodgings. And very soon he found his City life, his City associates, becoming shadowy, unreal, the mere creatures of dreams; while his dream-wife and his dream-life took on a more aggressive reality. Indeed, in a large measure he came to be one who in his life realized the saying, "Nothing is but what is not."

Abner's seafaring father had loved home, loved little children. Abner held in memory a colorless picture of that old home—mother, father, boy and girl, and a baby. The picture lacked color because that sea-captain father had sailed away with his little family, leaving Abner at school in England—sailed away, and were never heard of afterwards. The first tragedy had come too early in Abner's life to inflict an incurable wound. But in a way it quickened

hereditary home love and family love; on the other hand, it left in Abner's queerly furnished mind a very indefinite idea of what family life really was.

Now one day, about a year after Abner began his humbugging married life, the wife of a brother-clerk called at the office; she carried a baby in her arms, and was accompanied by two children—a boy and a girl.

Abner, being alone in the office, was forced to show the woman some attention. This trifling episode worked a little miracle.

For that night, when Abner lit the swinging lamp in his own room, he discovered that he was the central figure of an orthodox family party! Emily was there; and Emily held in her arms a little baby; and at Emily's side stood two little children. He could see his own face reflected in the face of the boy. The girl was a pocket edition of Emily. And as he looked and looked, too full of wonder and joy to speak, Emily and the children cried:

"Welcome home, father! welcome home."

The words rang music in the ears of Abner Jones. No need to envy that brother-clerk; he was a man of family too.

For ten years Abner was as happy and contented as any family man in mighty London, and his life was a deep and a full one, although all his days were passed at the office, all his nights within the four walls of his little home.

One morning his landlady suggested that a couple of chairs might be removed to give him more room.

"No, no!" was Abner's startled answer. "Why, I'm one chair short now at night-time."

A reply which sent the old woman away, muttering:

"Allus knew Mr. Abner was a little gone in the head. 'One chair short night-time?' why, he's got three extra chairs now, and never a living soul's

crossed his threshold in all the fifteen years he's lodged with me."

Short-sighted landlady; far-sighted humbug.

When Abner crossed the half-century line something whispered, "You're getting over being young, old boy!" And this message troubled Abner—troubled Abner, because his eyes told him that he was the only one of the family yet to suffer from the touch of Time. The little wife had still the rosy cheeks, the laughing eyes, the merry maiden voice that had won his heart thirty years ago. Not one wrinkle had the passing years written on her girlish face, not one thread of silver was in her thick black hair. The boy and girl were still children; the babe had not taken the first step out of babyland. Abner, the humbug, alone had failed to humbug Father Time.

And with increasing years Abner was conscious of decreasing strength. At times now he could scarcely distinguish Emily from the baby. Moreover, he seemed to suffer a more poignant grief as he grew older, every time he bade the dear ones good night. He loved to have the family with him. Yes. But in a way their presence had grown to be a burden. Something told him he required rest. This menace of the years was in Abner's mind when he chanced to overhear a brother-clerk say: "I've sent my wife and children to the father's house out into God's green country. It's cruel and selfish to keep them penned up in this fog-bound city. I'll see them once a week, and that will have to satisfy me."

Abner pondered this remark all the way home—he always walked the two miles between office and lodgings. And that night, after supper and a meditative pipe, he said to his quiet girl-wife, sitting with baby in her arms in the empty chair by the fire:

"Emily, it's selfish and cruel of me to keep you and the children penned up in

fog-bound London. I'm going to send you all into the country, to the father's house. No; I cannot come with you now. Later, when my work is done, then I'll join you. What's that? I'll forget you? Never fear, sweet little wife; that would be impossible. You'll grieve for me? It would break your heart? Well, well, then, we'll compromise. You may bring the children to see me every Sunday night. What about Christmas Eve? It wouldn't be Christmas Eve to poor old Abner without his dear ones—you know that, sweetheart, don't you? Oh, yes, I'll miss you, miss you—but—but—. Every man of family has to stretch his heart-strings some time, dear—every man. Don't worry, dear, you'll be happy out yonder in God's green land; and I'll be happy—yes, yes, very happy—here in London, remembering how happy you are at the father's house. Indeed, indeed I will, little wife! Good night. Yes, you'd better start before I'm up in the morning. You know I'm weaker in the morning—always weaker and older than I am at night. I'd rather say good-bye now. Yes, dear, Sunday I'll be watching for you—looking out of this window. Good night, Emily, Tom, Jenny, baby and good—"

But here the old humbug's voice faltered, broke, fell to a sob, and, turning out the light, Abner Jones turned into bed.

\* \* \* \* \*

Abner Jones dreaded the ordeal of his first night without the "family," and he made a very leisurely journey home from the City. His supper proved a dreary affair. But when his pipe got well alight, and his toddy found its way home, he had the good fortune to take up a copy of "The Newcomes." In five minutes he was absorbed in the great book. He was not, however, so deeply absorbed as to be quite unconscious of a strange feeling of companionship. After a time Abner ventured to look up.

He was not alone. In the old armchair on the far side of the table, sat dear old Colonel Newcome.

My! how Abner's heart welled with joy as, leaning forward, he grasped the Colonel's outstretched hand, and bade him welcome; thanked him from the bottom of his heart for the honor of this visit. And Abner's eyes went misty as his visitor exclaimed:

"Why, Abner, I've always wanted to have a chat with you. And to-night, hearing that you had sent your family into the country, I decided to beg an easy chair, a drop of grog and a pipe."

And then he, "whose heart was as that of a little child," smiled in his own great-hearted way, and, dropping into the chair, fell to happy talk with proud and happy Abner Jones.

Before Abner realized that the night had grown old the church clock announced the midnight hour. On the last stroke his visitor vanished, and then the old clerk tumbled into bed, and fell heir to the most refreshing sleep he had known since childhood.

This was the first of a series of happy evenings with the genial, gentle Colonel. And old Abner, with Emily's worn copy of "The Newcomes" lying open on his lap, would nightly drift and dream along the hours. But in his readings from the favorite book Abner never allowed himself to approach that part wherein the Colonel's death is recorded. He had read over that scene once, when Emily and the children were yet with him. But now he actually humbugged memory into forgetting that it had ever occurred.

As time passed Abner renewed acquaintance with another favorite of the absent Emily. The bolsterous, breezy Major O'Dowd called one night, and painted "Waterloo" pictures—pictures rich in emerald green—for the peaceful old clerk. And the Major sent the dispirited bankrupt, Sedley, to sup with Abner. And Abner labored hard to

quicken in the demoralized old man a robust love of life and a new hope. Then splendid Rawdon Crawley came to sip and sup with him.

And thus, in rapid succession, from between the covers of Emily's old books a host of Emily's old friends came to visit Abner Jones. What they could see in his dull company to attract, Abner never understood. But he was very grateful, and he took them all into his big warm heart.

\* \* \* \* \*

One stormy night Abner had planned to spend a few hours in "Vanity Fair." When he opened his book he discovered that fate had put into his hands one of Emily's books he had never before had courage to open, because its title was too forbidding. This book was called "The Bible in Spain."

Now Abner Jones was not a Bible reader, although he was a Bible lover. He troubled as little with theology as with politics; he had fixed and unalterable opinions regarding both. His own simple faith sufficed; it required neither explanation nor analysis. This is why Abner had never read "The Bible in Spain." He thought the book a theological work. But to-night Abner chanced to open the book where Borrow, in his inimitable way, paints a picture of adventure. After an hour of absorbing interest, Abner, glancing over his spectacles, saw through the cloud of smoke in which he was enveloped that he had a visitor; a second glance showed him that his visitor was the celebrated author, Borrow himself. Day was breaking when Abner bade his visitor good-bye. Before parting, however, Borrow volunteered to personally conduct Abner on a short tour through Spain on the following evening.

And thus was born Abner Jones, the humbug traveller; and a most indefatigable traveller he soon became. Night after night he left his lodgings in London, crossed the Channel and journeyed

old-world ways, always accompanied by this noted traveller. His "pretend" trips all opened in the same realistic manner. Turning down the lamp, and opening the window, Abner would sit muffled in a great-coat and vigorously "puff" himself across the raging Channel. It was all very real to him. Even the heavy London air, blowing in through the open window, fell on his smiling face with the soft, salt kiss of the sea. Indeed, when in mid-channel, it was impossible for him to sit still on his chair for the rocking of the ship; and when, at the end of a glorious five minutes of bolsterous sea and winds, he reached the foreign port, he was a new man.

And when the new Abner was at last safely ashore, down came the window, off went the top-coat, the lamp flamed high and bright; and then, Borrow's travel-book open on his knees, the author sitting opposite, away Abner flew over the smiling hills and through the sun-kissed valleys of summer-loving Spain.

After a time Abner made the acquaintance of other noted travellers, and each in turn conducted Abner to that corner of the world he knew the best and loved the most.

\* \* \* \* \*

When Abner's years had run to full threescore, and "pretend" trips became too exhausting, he turned instinctively to the great friend of all ages, Nature, and began to humbug at home, and with "pretend" flowers. The change came about in this way. One evening in May Abner worked later than usual. About nine o'clock he entered the private office of his master, Mr. Baxter, to place a balance sheet on his desk. Now on Mr. Baxter's desk lay open a copy of Bateman's "Century of Orchids." Abner was old; he was very tired; moreover, his eyes ached from many hours of monotonous work with mere black on white. The colored

plates in the book fell like fire on his odd old brain. And for hours he sat turning over the leaves of this treasured volume.

When Abner came out of blossom-land it was two o'clock in the morning, and he was forced to tramp home through deserted streets. But the homeward walk proved neither long nor lonely. He saw orchid faces everywhere; seemed to hear such sweet whispings of far-off lands as had never fallen on his ears before. From that night forward the orchid fever ran riot in the blood of Abner Jones. He hunted the second-hand bookstalls until he found a copy of "Century of Orchids" sufficiently damaged to come within his limited means, and bought it. And when he got the book home, ah! what a legion of happy hours did Abner pore over its enchanting pages! And now Abner began to watch the newspapers for paragraphs about orchids, noted the orchid auction sales, kept a record of the price which each noted orchid brought. Later, when the craze grew stronger, he became a "pretend" orchid collector himself. He bought a box of water-color paints, and each night would work at making rough copies of the plates in his book. He secured a catalogue of every orchid auction, and the day after that auction took place he would copy, out of the "Century of Orchids," the most expensive one sold there, write under his rough picture the price established at the auction, and then say chidingly to himself:

"Really, it was a sin for me to pay such a ridiculous price for *this* orchid. But then I want my collection to be the most complete in England."

After thus easing his conscience by a little humbugging self-condemnation, the old man would carefully deposit his valuable new "pretend" orchid in his new "pretend" "orchid house"—a paper book, on the first page of which was

written "Please keep the door closed—temperature, 65 degrees Fahr."

Every Sunday evening at this period of his life, Abner would exhibit his rapidly growing collection of orchids to Emily and the children; and Emily and the children seemed, so Abner thought, as crazy on the subject of orchids as he was himself. Abner Jones was very happy—had never been so contented and happy before.

#### REAL LIFE.

One morning, about a week after Abner had passed his sixty-eighth birthday, he was summoned to the master's private office. When he had entered and closed the door behind him, that master, Mr. Baxter, said:

"Abner, I'm ill, not fit to be out of bed. But I wanted to attend an auction sale of orchids at Prothero & Morris's, Cheapside; I've got here, it is true, but this is as far as I can get. You will have to go to the auction in my place, Abner."

"Certainly, sir." Abner was all on fire.

"Of course you don't know anything about orchids. But I've marked with red ink on the catalogue the lot I want to buy. You can bid as high as 150*l.* for that *Cypripedium fairleanum*."

"But sir—"

"But, but—don't you understand?"

"Yes, I understand, but"—Abner hesitated, his face went crimson with embarrassment; but regaining self-control he ran on: "Oh, sir, have you forgotten that a *Cypripedium Stoei platytaenium* is to be sold to-day by Prothero & Morris, the first offered in two years? Oh, sir, don't let this chance escape you; don't—"

"Well, I'll be damned! What on earth do you know about orchids? Where did you ever hear of— Is there really a *Cypripedium Stoei platytaenium* for sale to-day? Yes, you are right, Abner. Bless my soul! I'm glad you posted me.



"Buy it? Why, of course we'll buy it. We'll bid up to 300*l.*—yes, 350*l.*, rather than lose it. We won't let it slip through our fingers now, Abner, will we?"

"Indeed we won't," exclaimed Abner, his face aglow, his eyes twinkling. He had suddenly caught up with one of his dreams.

"Well, Abner, off then at once. Take a cab, and keep your wits about you."

"I will, sir."

And old Abner Jones rushed out of the office and into Basinghall Street bubbling over with excitement.

The old clerk did his master's bidding well and successfully, and returned triumphantly bearing two orchid prizes. Mr. Baxter thanked him; then Abner returned to his ledgers, and the master left the office for his house at Kew.

On his way home, however, that master broke his journey at the office of his solicitor.

"Griffiths," said the head of Baxter & Son, "I want to add a codicil to my will. Can you draw it up while I wait?"

"Yes, if you wish me to. What is the purport of this codicil?"

"You know," said Mr. Baxter, "that I've no heir; that I've left my whole estate to certain hospitals. Well, I want to set aside a sum sufficient to keep up my place at Kew, say 1,000*l.* a year. And I want my chief clerk, Abner Jones, to be tenant for life. He is also to receive 2*l.* a week for pocket money. Understand?"

"I think I do. But, pardon me, Mr. Baxter, why keep up the establishment? Is Mr. Jones a man of family?"

"No; but he is as crazy about orchids as I am. I suppose every man, Griffiths, has his weak point. Well, my weak point is my orchids. I love them. To me they seem really human. And when I think that if anything should happen to me my happy orchid family might be scattered far and wide, it hurts

—hurts more than I can make you understand. This old clerk, Abner Jones, has been with me half a century, has saved me thousands of pounds by his faithfulness to duty. I want to reward him. That's one reason for my action. The real reason is, however, that I know Abner Jones will love my orchids, and I believe my orchids will love him. Foolish! But it gives me pleasure to act in this foolish manner. And you know how I've slaved to make my money."

"Not so foolish but that I understand and approve of what you are doing," answered the solicitor.

The codicil, so big with meaning for Abner Jones, was drawn up, signed, witnessed. And then Baxter, only surviving partner of the old house of Baxter & Son, Basinghall Street, London, E.C., went home with his orchid treasure. He had at last completed his collection, and was a happy man. He had completed something else—his life work; for within a week he died.

\* \* \* \* \*

Abner Jones was a rich man. Old age found him possessed of a large income and a beautiful house in a fashionable London suburb. Everybody said he must be a happy man; everybody congratulated him on his good luck.

Abner Jones could not quite agree with everybody in these congratulations. And as he broke up his little home in the north of London he was a prey to many misgivings. Abner, however, had obeyed orders for fifty years. The master's will was a command; and he moved at once to the house at Kew and began life as a man of wealth and leisure.

The conservatory, with its wealth of orchids, fascinated Abner for a few days. But the first week at Kew had scarcely run its course before he reluctantly acknowledged to himself that he preferred his "pretend" orchids; they

were, to him, more real, more lovable than these valuable originals.

On Friday night—the first Friday night in Kew—after his stately dinner in the oak-panelled, picture-hung dining room, Abner wandered into the library, opened the bookcase and took down a handsomely-bound copy of “*The Newcomes*.”

“I’ll have a talk with the Colonel; that will cheer me up, help me to get a grip on my old self, get rid of this restless, caged-bird feeling.”

Abner dropped into an easy-chair and began to read. After reading for a few minutes he glanced across the table, fully expecting to see the loved face of the dear old Colonel. The chair was empty. Abner was disappointed, dazed. The bewildered old man read, or tried to read for about five minutes; then he slowly lifted his eyes again—no, the Colonel’s chair was still empty. Abner sat, deep in thought for another five minutes. Then he turned resolutely to that part of “*The Newcomes*” he had for many years refused to read—the death of Colonel Newcome. He read it to the bitter end. Then, putting down the book, turning out the light, he crept slowly up to bed; and he fell asleep whispering to the shadows around him: “And he whose heart was as that of a little child had answered to his name and stood in the presence of the Master.”

Death had become a reality for Abner Jones. And the sting of death had touched him first through one who had, in reality, never been alive.

During Saturday afternoon Abner discovered a copy of “*The Bible in Spain*.” He lacked courage, however, to try another “pretend” in broad daylight, and so postponed his travel-experiment until after dinner. But when dinner was over, and Abner was alone with his cigar (the housekeeper had informed Abner that her old master never smoked a pipe indoors), he walked on

tiptoe to the window and opened it—opened the window that, as in the dear old days, he might feel the full sweep of the salt air as he crossed the Channel. Then he opened Borrow’s book and began to read. But his “pretend” trip broke down at the very start, for the leaves were uncut. Cutting these leaves almost carried Abner home again. And then, after this initial difficulty had been overcome, and just as the Channel boat had left Dover, the housekeeper entered the room, caught sight of the open window and exclaimed:

“Why, Mr. Abner, that window is open, and the damp air is blowing full on your chest! Mary Ann grows more careless every day.”

Abner blushed and mumbled some excuse; but long before he had recovered self-control the housekeeper had disappeared. And something else had disappeared also—his power to “pretend” travel. What he held in his trembling hands Abner saw clearly now was only a book. Borrow was not within a thousand miles of Kew. And Abner Jones was a silly old humbug.

The shock of this awakening robbed Abner for the moment of all strength. And when strength did come back, although it was early in the evening, Abner put out the light and tottered up the broad stairway to his great bedroom overhead.

Abner’s first Sunday at Kew opened in a flood of sunshine. The day Abner had always loved most of all had come at last; before its close his poor old heart would be refreshed by reunion with Emily and the children. This was the medicine he required; after an hour with his loved ones the new home at Kew would fall heir, he was confident, to all the lovable qualities of the old home in London city. And as the evening shadows came trooping over the eastern hills, Abner, sitting by the window, discovered a new beauty in the

night; for the onrushing shadows were bringing Abner his old-fashioned sunshine.

Six o'clock—seven—eight; the hours raced by. Night had fallen thick and black. The lamps were lighted; the curtains drawn. Abner was still the sole occupant of his handsome library. Three times he had sprung from his chair and hurried to the hall door. Only fancy! no one there! And yet each time he had been confident that he heard Emily's voice and the patter and trip of hurrying feet.

Nine o'clock. Abner awoke from a troubled sleep, leaned forward, gazed intently at the chair opposite, then cried: "Thank God you've come at last, Emily! I'm so—"

The words froze on Abner's lips. The chair was empty. He was still alone. Emily and the children had forgotten him. And then a feeble, broken-hearted old man dragged heavy limbs up the broad stairway and vanished in the shadows overhead.

From that Sunday night Abner Jones was a changed man—grew feeble, morose. Occasionally he would pass a few happy hours with the orchids. And once he had a bright morning over an old set of ledgers which he discovered under the master's writing-table. For the bewildered old man actually opened a lot of new accounts, made fictitious journal entries, and posted them. For a time he seemed to have groped his way back to his old desk in Basinghall Street, and regained the happiness that was his before luck came to loot life of so many sweet illusions. The servants soon realized their master's condition, and the housekeeper tried her best to persuade him to go each morning for a walk in Kew Gardens.

"Yes, I'll go—go to-morrow."

That was his unvarying reply; and then he would settle to a book in the library—a book the pages of which he never turned.

At last the old housekeeper, without consulting Abner, called in the family physician. And this doctor, who had been a very intimate friend of Abner's old master, talked freely to his new patient.

"Your old master loved and trusted you, Mr. Abner. He believed you would care for his orchids, that you would keep his flower-family from falling into strange hands. The orchids will soon pass to other hands unless you change your present habit of life."

"Am I really ill, doctor?"

"You are."

"What shall I do?"

"Stop brooding, rouse yourself, and take regular exercise."

"I'll go for a long walk to-morrow."

"To-morrow walking is killing you. Go to-day, and every day. Come out with me now."

Abner hesitated. His old lack of initiative held him back. Then he remembered his duty to his dead master. Five minutes later Abner Jones, leaning heavily on the arm of the doctor, passed out of his house and down the busy Kew Road. When Abner and the doctor arrived opposite the Cumberland Gate, the doctor said:

"Mr. Abner, I want you to go into Kew Gardens and walk for an hour. It is now seven o'clock; the gates close at eight."

"I'll do as you wish, doctor. Come and see me to-morrow, will you?"

For the first time in his life Abner realized the full meaning of the words "old" and "ill;" and Abner's manner betrayed this realization. That is why the doctor answered:

"I'll come in this evening and have a game of 'crib' with you."

Then the doctor shook Abner by the hand and hurried away.

\* \* \* \* \*

#### BACK TO DREAMS.

Abner entered Kew Gardens fully in-

tending to follow the doctor's orders to walk a full hour. But when he came opposite an iron seat which stands under a great lime tree and faces the Temple of Æolus, his old "to-morrow" habit overtook and conquered him.

"I'll sit down and rest a moment—only a moment."

Abner's "only a moment" ran, before he realized it, to a full half-hour. And a very happy, dreamy half-hour it was. The birds sang softly and seemed to say:

"Why, it's dear old Abner! Welcome! welcome, dear old Abner Jones."

The soft breeze, herald of twilight hour, swept lazily through the leafy branches. The sun, dropping behind the hill, painted the Temple of Æolus crimson, and transformed a stork, which stood motionless under the marble dome, into a silhouette of black and gold.

Abner looked and listened, drifted  
The Cornhill Magazine.

and dreamed—drifted and dreamed, and fell asleep.

Half an hour passed; Abner awoke. The hill in front of him blazed and burned as with the light of the rising sun; in the centre of all this glory stood his girl-wife, Emily, arms open, face all smiles.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Come, sir; time to close the gates," said the officer on duty, as he touched the old man sleeping on the seat under the hill.

No answer.

"Night, sir; time to close the garden gates."

Still no answer from the quiet figure on the old iron bench.

And no answer ever came. For the sleeper, Abner Jones, had passed into that other garden where the gates are never closed—never closed, because there is no night there.

*Francis H. Hardy.*

## THE FIRST FIRE.

Summer is dead, and this her funeral pyre.  
See how the purple blaze leaps higher and higher!  
Vanish all sun-born dream and soft desire.

Throw on all memories of pageant flowers,  
Of bulbul's song and magic moonlit bowers,  
All dear delights of dead, delusive hours!

List to the crackling sound, relentless hiss,  
The croak of scorn for all that fond brief bliss;  
Gray ashes fall—is life and love like this?

Nay, for my face is flushed by that fell glow,  
And—strange!—my pallid hands fresh impulse know,  
And in my heart I watch a clear flame grow.

Lo, I am ready for adventure true,  
In sterner mood, on rugged highways new;  
Farewell, dead dreams! since deeds remain to do.

The Academy.

*Edith Empall.*

## THE DECAY OF THE CHAPERON.

If the nineteenth century, as one can hardly deny, has been the "Woman's Era," there are distinct signs that in the new one some very interesting and surprising developments are in store for us. The "Woman's Era" is being succeeded by the "Era of Youth," for the important characteristic of the new century is the increasingly prominent part that the young generation are going to play in our social and intellectual life. One of the most distinctive signs of to-day is the repudiation of age. No one is old, and no one can afford to get older. The life, the occupations, the interests, the amusements, the ambitions of to-day, are those of a youthful epoch, of a time when to be old is sin. We see it on every side, especially among women. Every mother is as young as her children in dress and appearance, and grandmothers younger than either. The reverence for age, the tender respect with which it used to be regarded, is only a tradition, and the strong influence of youth is what inspires our life and dominates us in this new century. It is not wonderful that it should be so, for life is so pleasant to-day. Its duties, its occupations are easy, and do not need any great effort for their accomplishment. Life formerly was serious and real, there was no artistic, no ideal side to it, and as women and young people influence the life and society of their day, so in proportion as their lives were narrow and uninteresting, was existence dull and *bornée*. There was a dulness and stiffness in every relation of life, between husband and wife, parents and children. The wife was hardly a companion to her husband, much more his housekeeper, parents were stern, unsympathetic and exacting as regarded their children, and the only class with whom any feelings of

equality or sentiment existed seemed to be between master and servant. When we contrast the simplicity of English life of only fifty years ago, the position of women, and the relations between parents and their children, with the luxury and equality of to-day, we realize how extraordinary and far-reaching is the change. Many causes have combined to bring it about: the softening influence of a woman as Queen, the increasing facilities of communication, the improvement in education, the great increase in wealth, and last, but not least, the effect of American life and thought upon the mother country are sufficient to account for a change which is only logically the result of the marvellous developments of the nineteenth century. If some Rip van Winkle, fallen to sleep in 1850, could now awake from his slumber and enter our modern everyday life, he would certainly not believe it was the same England he said good-bye to fifty years ago. He would, indeed, look in vain for many of the landmarks and characteristics of his time. For the tranquillity and sleepiness of life, he would awake to the hurry and bustle of an age in which life is not long enough to accomplish all that has grown out of our modern requirements, with its increasing interests and occupations which vary every year in character and number. He would look in vain for the old-world nooks of England, with their traditions and fancies, their quiet, tranquil existence, and see giant express trains rushing through the hamlet where he spent his youth; smoking mills belching out black fumes by the stream that used to ripple softly in the noon-day heat, the smart, newly-built town hall in the street of the old-fashioned village he knew so well! the flaring electric light,



where he had often stood under the gleam of the oil lamp in the softly darkening evening, watching the shadows descending on a sleeping world. He would find a bustling, active, strong-minded matron where he left the gentle, tender-eyed grandmother; a loud-voiced managing wife full of interest in every kind of terrible question unknown and unheard of before; and a tall, slight, gaily-dressed young lady, self-assertive, capable and independent, in the place of the gentle, smiling maiden he remembered in the days he went a-courting. This and so many more transformations would he find so incomprehensible that he would fain return once again to the sleep he had broken and say good-bye to a world so strange and bewildering. We are learning to understand and sympathize with his perplexity, for we also are becoming Rip van Winkles, and from one year to another we rub our eyes and ponder over what has passed and gone, only to await with increased curiosity the changes that overwhelm us with incredible rapidity.

It is useless to lament and sigh over the days that are gone, or to deplore that the world has turned its back on the usages and traditions of the past. On the whole the world is surely better for the changes. It is perhaps harder, more matter of fact; there is less sentiment, fewer illusions. Yet, with all its shortcomings it is an honest age, and innocent of assuming virtues and qualities which do not exist. Public opinion has less influence over it than formerly, for everyone is a gospel to themselves, and people are inclined to lead the life they find best suited to them, while there is perfect toleration shown to those who may not conform to the stereotyped idea of life. The atmosphere is charged with independence, and the development of individuality is the object of many people's lives. All

this is a startling contrast to the reverential attitude which formerly characterized English society, for the former impulse of wondering what the world would say has now given way to a widespread indifference as to its opinion.

The great cause of nearly all the changes we are discussing is the new independence of women. While a woman could not hold any property apart from her husband, her position was one of dependence, not only on his affection, but his generosity; but the laws which have given her property to herself have altered the whole relationship. The same affection, devotion and happiness exists, but the wife is no longer a dependent on her husband, but a citizen with rights and means of her own, that she can dispose of as pleases her best, without any interference on his part. This change in the position of women has not loosened the ties which bind a happy couple, nor has it weakened the affection or sympathy which should exist, but it has just introduced that nameless, indescribable difference into the position of a woman, which has in reality altered the whole relationship, and the independence that is "in the air" has influenced the family and introduced a new element also into the lives of parents and children. It would be impossible in such an intimate relationship as the family, where each member acts and reacts on each other, when all the ambitions, affections and occupations are more or less identical, that it should be otherwise, and this, as well as the reaction from the excessive severity of the days when children always stood in their parents' presence, and addressed them as "sir" and "madam," has produced the independence which young people enjoy, and has produced that attitude of impartial discussion which they apply to every question of to-day. The unquestioning silent ac-

quiescence in their parents' rule and opinion no longer exists, for a free and friendly criticism of their conduct and reasons has taken its place; the standard of authority has been wrested from their hands, and what restraint is exercised must be administered as discreetly as the powder in the jam. It would be untrue and ungrateful to say that the young are intolerant or offensive to their elders. They are in reality very much the reverse, and, considering the license they enjoy, are kind, affectionate and patient. They smile patronizingly at our theories and fears; they listen with good-natured patience to our suggestions that there are other points of view from which certain aspects of life might be viewed, and with the all-keen, virile enjoyment of youth they plunge into the vortex of existence with its pleasures, its problems and its disappointments, while we, unable to stem the tide, follow at a distance, realizing our absolute inability to resist it.

Thirty years is not a long period to look back on, therefore we can easily measure the changes we are discussing by comparison; but those that have so revolutionized life, are only the growth of a shorter portion of the century that is just past. While the early part of the last thirty years principally affected the position of married women, the last ten years have completely changed that of girls, and it is as the future wives and mothers of England that they are important and interesting. Whatever changes may affect the position of a woman after she marries, the result is less important, as her life is so modified and moulded by circumstances, while the dependence of others makes it very difficult, nay, almost impossible, for her to make any new departure; the lives and interests bound up in hers are anchors from which she can only swing a certain distance. With girls, however, the sense of freedom

and the mystery of life, the desire to enjoy to the full the fair future, their unconsciousness of evil, and the ignorance which is often their best safeguard, as well as the absence of responsibility, makes them more difficult of control, and when public opinion is on their side (with the tendencies of to-day), very few parents have either the power or the inclination to pull the reins very tight. Ten years ago very few girls rode in the Park, unattended by a groom, or drove in a cab or hansom alone. They were not allowed to dine out or pay country visits by themselves, and certainly no girl, except those who lived in the sacred precincts of Belgravia (and never beyond), was allowed to take a walk without some sort of chaperon. Ten years ago a girl always came back to her mother after every dance. She would have been viewed with grave displeasure if she frequented shady corners, or "sat out" with her partners, and she was always within call when a tired mother wished to go home, and no correspondence between two young people of the opposite sex would have been allowed, even under the most searching maternal scrutiny. Absolute deference was paid to the maternal opinion on questions affecting the character or choice of friends, or the general conduct of life, and from her verdict there was no appeal.

What would appear in these days as narrow and arbitrary was accepted then without discussion, and one doubts whether even a suspicion of injustice disturbed the traditional belief in the infallibility of the parents' decision. No such ready acquiescence is forthcoming now, for youth, in this age of reason, requires to be convinced that the verdict rests on a basis which recommends itself to the immature and inexperienced mind, which has complete faith in the wisdom of every opinion they hold. The tolerant spirit of to-day is

always ready to explain away actions and positions of an equivocal character, so that the tendency to relax the restraints and safeguards of society to even the reasonable control which still survives has been successful, and now its shadow alone remains. Bit by bit like stones in a broken wall, little innovations have crept in, little concessions been granted, small prejudices overborne, and this year has seen the eclipse of a great and hallowed institution in English society. The British chaperon has left us, we are assured, however, only for a time, and we devoutly hope the assurance is warranted, but so it is. We will not be audacious enough to predict that she is dead and buried. She, however, will have to show a superhuman vitality if she is again galvanized into existence, but over her ashes we drop a respectful tear.

Who is there who did not regard the British matron with mingled feelings of fear and pride? What English man or woman is there who was not conscious of a thrill of pride on entering a great London ballroom at the sight of the phalanx of stately women, blazing with diamonds, whose serried ranks occupied the benches round the walls, whose faces glowed with the gentle expression of maternal devotion and circumspection? Who does not realize what that daily and nightly attendance represented? No sentry on duty ever displayed more vigilance, no martyr ever represented more endurance and determination, and no detective could, even in the moment of his greatest success, lay claim to such perspicacity and instinctive knowledge of all the plots and counter-plots which were being carried out on the little stage before him. What man is there who has not during many evenings of his life stormed the position, carried off and administered material support in the shape of supper to some chaperon to-

wards whom he was drawn by some occult and tender sympathy; and are there not also many men who have often been conscious of a guilty and silent shame on seeing members of that sacred body repair to the supper-room alone and unattended, in search of some substantial support, to enable them to exist through the fatigues of their nightly vigil. August, terrible and far-seeing, however, as they were, they were not infallible; ubiquitous they certainly were not, for the quick-witted intelligence of their charges generally enabled them to elude the maternal supervision. But there was an atmosphere of command, which pervaded all entertainments over which they presided, and if in reality they hardly possessed the power they assumed, their influence was subtle enough to destroy all defiance. They were a distinctive landmark of English life and society, and as long as they existed, united and powerful, while we shook our heads over the innovations we deplored, we could have no fear for the absolute safety of English social life. Though our girls had discarded many of the old-fashioned restraints of home, though they walked, rode, drove alone in London, though they sat out many dances with one favored partner, though they smoked cigarettes in the seclusion of their room, though they talked of and discussed matters of public interest and doubtful expediency with the calmness and indifference of perfect innocence and ignorance, we resisted the ominous forebodings which beset us, of what such innovations might lead to, always feeling secure in the knowledge that there was a power in reserve on which, when the moment of danger arose, we could absolutely rely, to stem the current and stop the flood that might well overwhelm us. Alas, our hopes have proved illusive. Our beliefs in the invulnerability of the stronghold on which we pinned our faith have been swept

away, and we stand helpless and deserted.

Whether the disappearance of the visible and outward embodiment of this bulwark of English society is permanent or transitory it is impossible to decide in any precipitate manner. One significant incident of this year's social history is pregnant with gigantic issues, as it is the first time in which it has been officially recognized and permitted for young girls to go without a chaperon; for at the few small dances given in London all the girls came alone. There were some obvious reasons why, as an exception, such a proceeding was possible. In the midst of a great war, when sons, husbands, brothers and fathers were at the front, and while the dark shadow of war was hanging over the land, the community could not rejoice and be glad, the deep anxiety and great tension being too overpowering for any other interest to dethrone it; but when the strain was partly removed and victory had crowned our arms, and the daily and hourly list of casualties had ceased, it seemed possible to let the young people at home enjoy themselves in a simple way, without any of the formalities which are the necessary adjuncts of a London season. Mothers who had carefully guarded their girls gave a half-hearted consent, like an anxious hen who watches her duckling brood start off to swim, possibly with the same vague fears, not willing to deprive them of a pleasure of which the year had been so barren. The "Rosebud Ball" of America, which was inaugurated here, has long been the fashion on the other side of the Atlantic, where we have watched the system of complete independence among young people in full swing. The result there is perfectly satisfactory, but this has been the first test of it in this country, where hitherto all tradition and experience have been in opposition to it. One can say from personal experience and

observation, necessarily limited, belonging as one does to the ostracized class of chaperons, that there was nothing different to the old days, except that the rooms looked bare and lacked the background of color and brilliancy which undoubtedly a crowd of well-dressed women give, for the modern custom of sitting out between dances empties a room almost entirely. This, however, may be a purely personal prejudice, for in the minds of the young people there was evidently no regret at the absence of the maternal eye, and the whole evening passed as if a regiment of chaperons were in attendance. Perhaps the evening's amusement lasted late, for the absence of fatigued and weary mothers left the young people free to dance till they were exhausted. It was undoubtedly a curious and interesting experiment, but not the most obstinate pessimist, while deploring the principle involved, could find anything at which to protest.

While admitting the experimental nature of the proceeding, we do not belong to those who see nothing but evil in the emancipation of girls. With our modern system of education and training it seems almost impossible to continue the control of former years, and the danger, if there is any, is surely mitigated by the improved relations between parents and children. The real friendship and confidence that now exists is the best safeguard against any evil that may conceivably arise. There is much more equality between parents and children, especially between mothers and daughters; they are more intimate, more tolerant, for the mother of to-day is much more of an age with her children, both physically and mentally, while the barrier of fear which formerly existed has been broken down, and she participates in her children's occupations and amusements, and a broader measure of sympathy and confidence exists between them. Unless this were so it would be

difficult not to be anxious as to the future effect of this great change, and impossible to look at it philosophically.

There is nothing in the world more delightful than the English girl of to-day, intelligent, bright, graceful, full of keen interest in all the life about her; clever, without being forward; well informed and not a prig; strong, active, fond of outdoor life and games and yet not unwomanly; full of spirits and *elan*, brimming over with enjoyment and happiness, blessed with the sound constitution of her race, eager for all the healthy pleasures in which youth is so prodigal, seeing evil nowhere, because her healthy, pure mind does not dream of such things, and yet alive to the sorrows of the world, and throwing herself with all the unselfish devotion of her nature into the cause of those less happy than herself. This is no exaggerated description of the girls we see around us. Surely their outspoken opinion, if a little crude, and their joyous, frank manners, pleasant without being hoydenish, are infinitely preferable to those of the shy, shrinking girl of the past with no ideas, no conception of life, and no opinions of her own, and who was generally a faded reproduction of the narrow society in which she lived.

There are girls, however, on whom the education and independence of to-day is having a deeper effect, and whose intellectual qualities and sympathies, being largely developed, welcome the freedom they enjoy, not from the standpoint of amusement or pleasure, but from the prospect it opens up to them of a wider and deeper life in which their mental powers may find an outlet, and who probably may be more impatient of old-fashioned opinions and restraints. Their number is at present somewhat limited, though increasing; for it is not every woman that possesses the intellectual calibre to strike out an independent career for herself, and we

do not find many of them among the women and girls with whom this paper deals. It is very easy to exaggerate the effect on women of the new order of things, but there is one result we cannot deny, which does inevitably follow; that is, the increased disinclination of girls to marry and to marry when young, and this must logically be the consequence of so large a measure of freedom being conceded them; for marriage which formerly implied emancipation from family control and restraint is that no longer. It is difficult for a girl to believe that any life can be happier than her present one, with indulgent parents, good position, fortune, many friends, complete indifference added to youth and its capacity for enjoyment; and unless she falls deeply in love, there is no earthly reason why she should renounce it, and her instinctive inclination is to remain in a position where every ordinary desire is gratified without any corresponding obligations on her side. To many girls nowadays marriage means undertaking responsibilities and limiting the scope of their ideal life of independence, for their present mood is to amuse themselves, not to marry, and there is no doubt that this feeling, the outcome of their freedom and their *camaraderie* with men, has tended to develop the practical side of their nature, to the deterioration of the softer and more emotional one. Girls and young men are friends—not lovers, and sentiment and romance have for the time become eclipsed by the dazzle of the new life they are enjoying. Brimful of novelty, pleasure and fun, love has no room in it, and poor little Cupid sits forlornly, with drooping wings, sadly watching a world in which he has no place or occupation. No wonder the little god views the century with mistrust and sorrow at finding only deaf ears turned to the story, to which until now he had always found ready listen-



ers. This is not a sentimental or romantic age; it is too full, the pressure is too great, life is too easy and full of enjoyment, and the eager search after it has dulled the softer side of woman's nature, and their new-found liberty revolts against any restraints—even those of love. It is the inevitable reaction, added to which the greater luxury and expense of living makes marriage less possible than when life was simpler and less complex.

Women are seeking for means to escape the mission nature has cast on them, and they will probably continue so to struggle, while they will not realize how ineffably feeble they are in the fight, and until they are vanquished we may possibly see even more wonderful developments than any we have yet witnessed. The question, however, which is immediately interesting is: Whether things ever go back to the *status quo*? that is to say, shall we see the chaperon reinstated in her old position, and is her dethronement only the result of a variety of circumstances, arising out of a particular crisis in the history of our country, and which for the time being has destroyed her authority? Shall we formally put her back on her pedestal, and only remember the summer of 1900, as the Irish priest said of a book of Revelation, as a "bad dream?"

There are optimists who believe in her resurrection, nor doubt but that the reins of power will be resumed by their proper holders, and that many girls will begin to weary of a freedom more imaginary than real, as they find the limitations of their emancipation more circumscribed than they calculated, added to which the novelty will wear off; while the influence of public opinion, which is opposed to these changes, is as strong and arbitrary as any parental control. It will be interesting to see whose theories prove correct, and whether the emancipated damsels will

come humbly back to the parental halter, and once more walk demurely within proper distance of the maternal train. Shall we once again rejoice in their voluntary subjection and take pleasure in their demure and chastened carriage, and will the familiar phrase of "Please take me back to mamma" fall on our ears? No doubt the retreat will be made as easy and honorable as can be, and the deep love of mother and daughter will smooth over any bitterness in the submission. We believe that this will prove the ultimate solution of the problem, for though there may be isolated cases of insubordination, and some daring spirits may carry on a guerilla warfare, a proper show of paternal firmness will soon overcome such difficulties.

There is, we believe, no need for any forebodings about the independence which girls enjoy, and which will, in all probability, increase. There are many reasons why we can afford to laugh at it in England. If not quite a revolution, it certainly is one of the greatest social changes in the history of our country, but it will follow, in its course and effects, all similar movements. It has come gradually, and English society and life have been adapting themselves to the independence which modern thought and education must inevitably have on women, whose position has been more influenced by all the changes of the last fifty years than almost any other class of the community. The intimacy which women and men now occupy in regard to each other seems almost another safeguard of the new relations, as the naturally chivalrous feeling of men towards women is not weakened, but rather strengthened, by the confidence which such a position creates, and which must prevent a man of honor taking advantage of it, added to which, though a girl may in reality know less of the dark side of life, than in a time of more supervision, the self-

rellance which is the result of her independence, must enable her better to stand alone, or as one may put it, take care of herself. There will always be black sheep in every community, and no amount of discipline or restraint will keep evil wholly away, but to the pure all things are pure, and the traditional purity of English home life, added to the deep religious sentiment which is the foundation of every English woman's character, is still the real anchor on which they can ride safely through the dangers and temptations which may assail them.

As we naturally dread these changes, we vaguely see dangers ahead which we are apt to exaggerate, while it is always a certain consolation to deplore the disappearance of customs and opinions which we respect, to talk of all the good old times, and contrast them with the ways of to-day. We would deal very tenderly with all such regrets, for the fashion of the world passeth away, and nothing to-day is as it was yesterday. Let us cherish our belief, however, that the dethronement of the chaperon is only temporary and not a visible and outward sign of her decay. We may be wrong, and possibly future generations will take their children to the British Museum to pay her effigy a visit, pointing her out as at one time an important character in English social life. But, on the other hand, it may be that this age of freedom is on the verge

of a reaction, which will restore her to her pristine glory, with fuller powers, just as the fashions of past years return and assert themselves with renewed rigor and tyranny. Anyway, she has been a noble figure in the social history of our country, and one for whom we shall ever cherish a feeling of the deepest respect, and she may console herself with the reflection that she will always have the strongest of allies on her side; for however much the laws and traditions regarding woman's life, conduct and mission may change, however great may be the revolution still ahead of us, nothing can materially alter them, for they must always be what men best like women to be, and what nature has made them. The old Mother of the worlds stands beside her with relentless purpose, and she will not permit women to unsex themselves, and, struggle as they may, she smiles her grim smile at their fruitless attempts to worst her and to destroy what gives them their charm and power.

It may be only an episode, a passing fancy in their life and career, an experience she will not be so unkind as to deprive them of. Let them enjoy it, for she knows that the moment comes in nearly every woman's life when she wakes from such dreams, and mother Nature gives back the fetters she has thrown away, to be placed on her hands by the man that she loves.

*Mary Jeune.*

*The Fortnightly Review.*

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## THE CHAUCER GARDEN.

Chaucer died in 1400, therefore it is just five hundred years since he was laid to rest. And during the next few months much will be written concerning the poet himself, and of his many-sided contributions to our national literature. In this short sketch we wish

to glean a few of the facts which Chaucer reveals regarding the mediæval garden.

The Englishman has always been a lover of his garden. It is an instinct which he shares in common with the love for the homestead. "God Al-

mighty," says Bacon, "planted a garden, and indeed it is the purest of human pleasures." With the Englishman, we have unmistakable evidence to prove that it is no mere modern liking. As he is in this respect to-day, so he was in the days of the Plantagenets. And when we consider the dark and confined character of the dwellings of our forefathers in the Middle Ages, it is not surprising that they should have taken a delight in flowers, and in those gentle recreations which brought them into the open air, after the storms and gloom of winter. Castles and country mansions had always their gardens and pleasure grounds. In the "Merchant's Tale" our poet tells us that among other honest things the knight January.

Had a garden walled all with stone,  
So fair a garden wot I nowhere none.

It is implied that the garden was extensive.

This noble knight, this January the old,  
Such deynté hath in it to walk and play,  
That he would no wight suffer beare the keye  
Save he himself.

Gardens were usually at that period square enclosures, with walls of stone or brick, or else bounded by thick hedges. In the "Romaunt of the Rose" we have the following description:

I saw a garden right anon,  
Full long and broad everidele,  
Enclosed was and walléd wele  
With high walls embatalléd.

At intervals in this garden were seats or benches covered with turf, where one might rest. Then there was generally an arbor, overshadowed with trees or climbing creepers. Such a retreat we have pictured for us in the "Flower and the Leaf," closed in with honeysuckle and eglantine. Chaucer, in his

"Knight's Tale," introduces the fair maid Emily walking in her garden on May morning:

And in her garden at the sun upriste.  
She walketh up and down, and as her liste,  
She gathered floures partie white and redde.

The present day garden may be said to have laid the whole world under tribute, for there is scarcely a corner of the known globe whose flora is not represented there. Rare exotics from the Tropics, and gorgeous and fantastic blooms from the Orient—a striking contrast to the English garden of five centuries ago. Its beauties were simplicity itself. With America still undiscovered, and the southern seas yet untracked by even the most daring navigators, our forefathers had few flowers to cultivate except such as grew wild in Europe. A handful from the Levant and Asia Minor and a few examples from northern Africa completed the list.

They had the lily and the rose. Chaucer likens the maid Emily to the lily:

fairer was to seene,  
Than is the lillie on her stalke greene.

Here the reference is to the Annunciation or Madonna lily. Fourteenth-century England knew nothing of a host of lilies cultivated by present florists, but this peerless bloom was quite a familiar one, consecrated, as it was, to devout uses in the mediæval Church. Nothing can exceed its chaste beauties, and no more fitting flower could have been dedicated to the Virgin. Standing erect, with its green stem crowned by a cluster of bells of pearly whiteness, it is the very symbol of chastity and purity. To this day it is known as Our Lady's lily, and carried in processions on feast days. In Chaucer's time it was

the same, and his Prioress in her Tale exclaims: "O Lord our Lord—in laud of Thee, and of the white lily flower which that Thee bore, and is a maid alway."

Again Chaucer tells us that Emily

was fair as was the rose.

Both roses as well as lilies were great favorites in the Middle Ages. They figure together in the accounts of the Royal Garden at Westminster in 1276. The annual rendering of a rose was one of the well recognized forms of quit rent in the olden times. They were also the commonest of all flowers for weaving into wreaths and garlands.

Also on his heed was sette  
Of roses redde a chapelette.<sup>1</sup>

The rose is the one flower concerning which public opinion has never wavered. Its popularity dates far back to the Roman occupation. Chaucer wrote, "I love wel sweete roses redde," and although at one time Englishmen were divided as to the color they preferred, it was only a question of badge of either Lancaster or York.

While many still love the old-fashioned roses which graced and adorned the gardens of our forefathers, modern rivals have sprung up which have largely tended to replace them. The Rose Gallica, the Provence varieties, and the damask rose are the oldest, from which many have been derived; while the teas, monthly, and several other kinds have sprung up from a rose introduced about a hundred years ago. All the showy hybrid perpetuals have been evolved during the last fifty years.

In the fourteenth century they had both the single and the double varieties. The poet preferred the double, because they were the more lasting. A gentle lover of everything beautiful, the sub-

tle influence of the flowers appealed to him with that suggestiveness of association which is always the possession of the man whose heart is responsive to the inner soul of Nature. And Chaucer was a true nature poet.

If the garden was then a thing of simple proportions, such flora as it did possess grew in great abundance. In the "Romaunt of the Rose" we have this picture:

There sprang the violet all newe  
And fresh perwinke riche of hue,  
And flowers yellow, white, and redde,  
Such plenty grew there never in mede.

It comes somewhat as a shock to our modern sentiment to learn that the violet was grown by our ancestors, not only because of its fragrance, but was also cultivated as salad herb. Flowers of violets were eaten raw with onion and lettuce. If, however, treated in this way, it was not alone; for hawthorn, primroses, and even roses shared the same treatment.

The perwinke—that is, the periwinkle—was a general favorite with our forefathers. Another name given to it was "Joy of the Ground," which serves to emphasize this fact. For the title was very appropriate. The trailing leaves and lilac flowers were well adapted to brighten the ground in shady corners of the gardens.

Yellow flowers, this would include the marigold. "Jealousy" is described by the poet as being decked with these:

Jealousie that werede of yellowe guldes  
a garland.

Gulds was a common name for the marigold with the older poets. Then there would be the primrose. Many pretty plants found in the fields wild were unquestionably also grown in a domesticated state, mingling with foreign representatives. To these belongs

<sup>1</sup> Romaunt of the Rose.

the primrose. Chaucer calls it the "primerole"—that is the form in which the name first came to us from the Italian, *primaverola*. Our poet likens one of his young female characters to the "primerole." But in those early days botanical names were somewhat loosely bestowed, and originally several spring flowers shared the honor of that title. It was in the Elizabethan era that the name "primrose" became definitely restricted to the flower that still bears it.

A similar want of definiteness of terminology attached to the woodbine or honeysuckle. When, therefore, Chaucer refers to the woodbine, it is not always clear whether or not he meant the honeysuckle, as the name was long indiscriminately applied to any creeper.

And as aboute a tree with manie a  
twiste,  
By trent and writh the sweet wood-  
bine.

In this case, however, the appellation "sweet" would seem to fix the identity. By the writer of the "Flower and the Leaf," the woodbine is given as the emblem of constancy in love:

And these that weare chapelettes on  
their hede,  
Of fresh woodbine, be such as never  
were,  
To love untrue in worde, thought ne  
dede,  
But aye steadfast.

This poem, however, despite of its beauties, is now from internal evidence no longer supposed to have been written by the author of "Canterbury Tales."

Chaucer had the true poet's eye for the wild flowers of the field as well as for those under cultivation. The wild dog rose had its beauties for him, as well as the garden bloom. He employs it as a symbol of purity in the passage:

He was chaste  
As is the bramble flower,  
That beareth the red hepe

Bramble in those days was a term applied to all plants with thorns, but the "red hepe" or hip is a reference not to be mistaken. Again he notices the broom, the *planta genista*, well known during the Middle Ages as the badge of the Plantagenets.

Amid the room he basked in the sunne.

And the hawthorn to which he likens Emily:

The fresh hawthorn,  
In white motley that so sweete doth  
smell.

As for the daisy, Chaucer may be called its laureate. The whole of the prologue to the "Legend of Good Women" is a song in its praise.

The empress and flower of flowers all.

Not satisfied with watching the daisies all day long, Chaucer prepares to sleep in a little arbor and see his favorites open their eyes in the freshness of the next dewy dawn. He falls asleep and dreams that the deity of love comes walking to him across the meadow, leading by the hand a queen who is attired for all the world like a "daisy." He is shown that this is the good Alcestis, who was turned into one, and bids him write her story among his legends of good women. But Chaucer is full of the praise of the chaste "marguerites."

Among the yellow flowers of the fourteenth century must be numbered the common flag. This and the purple iris were by old writers spoken of indiscriminately as lilies; just as they sometimes meant by the "Flower de Luce" the iris, at others some sort of lily. Chaucer seems rather to be speaking of



some species of lily when he tells us of a certain lady that

Her nekke was white as is the flower  
de lys.

The red blooms would include the carnation, introduced probably by the Normans, and at once taking a high place in the English garden, the title to which has never been challenged. It was commonly reckoned among the gilliflowers, a generic term of wide application, covering the pink, the sweet-william, and many others. Alexander Necham, who lived in the thirteenth century, numbers the poppy among the flowers which should be found in a "noble garden." The geranium of the Middle Ages was the crane's bill or small herb Robert.

Our ancestors had an affection for sweet smelling plants, such as lavender, rosemary and thyme. Even kitchen herbs, such as fennel and mint, were not despised. The unknown Chaucerian translator of the "Romaunt of the Rose" gives both a place in the "fair garden" he describes. Evidently in those early days they were not left to waste their strong scents in some out of the way corner. But fennel has now been stripped of its honors and its dignity. It is no longer placed in the garden close for its fragrance, nor does

*The Gentleman's Magazine.*

any one now believe in its virtue for healing blindness. Among the old allegorical meanings of flowers—rosemary for remembrance and rue for sorrow—fennel seems to have signified flattery or double-mindedness.

Many of the humble plants prized by our forefathers may appear but poor "lilles" to us, with all our wealth of gorgeous blooms to-day. And yet, arrayed with their native charms, blue, white, yellow and red, they served to gladden and make bright with color the homesteads of Englishmen five centuries ago. In addition to those already named, we may add the foxglove, mallow, corncockle, St. John's wort, campion and similar flowers indigenous to our island. If we include further a few others, the tall hollyhock, the monkshood, the pink and the columbine,

Come forth with thine eyen Columbine,

together with sweet smelling herbs such as those to which we have just referred, we then may fairly picture to ourselves what manner of garden Chaucer had in view in his "Knight's Tale." It was to such a nook he himself loved to retire with his books, when his day's labors in busy London city were done.

*W. H. Thompson.*

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### DAWN AMONG THE ALPS.

A thousand and ten thousand years ago  
So softly poised the golden-footed day  
On yon high-lifted minarets of snow,  
That crown the wrinkled glaciers chill and gray.

And on the green knees of those giant scars,  
Ages ere man arose to mark the hours,

*Dawn Among the Alps.*

The dawn descending kissed awake blue stars  
Of gentians, and all tender Alpine flowers.

I, now, one moment in the vast of Time,  
With eyes divinely hungered gazing there,  
By earthly stairways into Heaven climb,  
And pass the gates of Eden unaware.

I look, I love, I worship; yet mine eyes  
Are held from their desire; I cannot see  
What every floweret in its place describes,  
Or worship as they worship, conscience-free.

Man stands so large before the eyes of man  
He cannot think of Earth but as his own;  
All his philosophies can guess no plan  
That leaves him not on his imagined throne.

He is so blind he cannot see the glory  
Of gods hill-haunting—haters of the street;  
He hath no ears but for the human story,  
Though lives more lovely blossom at his feet.

Who hath considered what a jewel-girth  
Of beauty, every hurrying human day,  
Encircles with divinity the Earth?  
For man's eyes only—where's the fool will say?

Those shadow-pencilled valleys while I view,  
Those snow-domes under hyacinthine skies—  
A Presence is beside me, gazing too,  
A richer love than mine, and holler eyes.

Or when amid the flowers I kneel, and dream  
O'er starry morsels of Heaven's sapphire floor,  
A larger happiness than mine doth seem  
To dote there too and make my gladness more.

Yes, there are eyes—I know not whose—not man's,  
For whom the world is fair; some worthier love  
Than poet-worship all Earth's wonders scans;  
We gather crumbs—the feast is far above.

The Spectator.

*F. W. Bourdillon.*

## MARIE CORELLI AND "THE MASTER CHRISTIAN."

Hark! the drums beat! the trumpets blare! One hundred thousand citizens are in the street to acclaim the masterpiece of the century. After a laborious silence of three (or is it five?) years, the most gifted lady whom the world has seen speaks once more—speaks, too, with that clarion voice of satire we know so well. It is no wonder, then, that the hoardings are covered with the praise of "The Master-Christian," or that "The Master-Christian" is warranted to eclipse the works of Sir Walter Scott, Thackeray and Dickens. For, in "The Master-Christian" (we are told) Miss Corelli is at her best, and all the world knows that Miss Corelli at her best is unapproachable. Especially in the quality of courage Miss Corelli eclipses all her contemporaries. Neither the crimes of this life nor the mysteries of the life to come have any terror for her. Most people, who are all untinctured with learning, who write their own tongue with a reckless uncertainty, who have but a vague sense of words and their meanings, would shrink from the task which the most talented novelist of this or any other age has imposed upon herself. Who, indeed, save the author of "The Master-Christian" would dare to bring upon a mimic scene Jesus Christ and the Pope of Rome? But, as we have said, Miss Corelli is fit for any enterprise. She, at least, is not trammelled by reverence or decency. She has no scruples in putting her common, pert, ungrammatical sentences even into the mouth of personages princely or divine; and why, indeed, should she scruple or criticize? If her English halts, it is the best that she has, and the basest critic must acknowledge that every license is permitted to genius. For, alas! genius is only too rare in this sad world of ours,

and when we find a solid wad of it—632 pages in all—we must doff our hats, and be grateful that we did not live fifty years ago, when fiction had nothing better to offer us than the cynicism of Thackeray or the farcical humor of Charles Dickens.

Miss Corelli, then, has genius, and plenty of it—*cela va sans dire*, as she would say herself. If she did not possess the supreme gift, we might, perhaps, object to her sanguine temerity. We might suggest, for instance, that a formal attack upon all the Churches should not be made by an unlettered lady, who knows not the rudiments of theology or criticism. We might point out in all modesty that to give your characters high-sounding names and to put such speeches in their mouth as would shame an orator of Hyde Park, is wicked irreverence. We might prefer a slight knowledge of English grammar to miles of obvious rhetoric. We might urge that a fluid style was an insufficient atonement for unblushing inaccuracy. For it must be confessed (by the critic) that Miss Corelli is irreverent, illiterate, rhetorical and inaccurate. She thinks it not unbecoming to say of Jesus Christ that "the personality of the little fellow was very winning;" she permits the Pope, who is a scholar and a gentleman, to talk like a tub-thumper; finding the poor English tongue insufficient to her purpose, she sprinkles her pages with scraps of French and Italian, hoping, perchance, that her solecisms will deepen the local color. So, when she means "silence," she gasps out *tais-toi*; so she believes that in French *nom de Jésus* is a recognized expletive; so she appears to think that a Parisian countess might say *Quelle honneur!* when she imagined herself "the leading lady" to a great trage-

dian. Again, if an ordinary man (or woman) of letters choose to denounce a country not his (or her) own, he is expected to strengthen his venom with knowledge. Yet Miss Corelli, whose *sæva indignatio* is pliously directed against France, displays a sturdy ignorance of that country and its literature. To call Catulle Mendès an "hysterical little boy" is a piece of folly that nothing (save genius) can excuse; and what can modern letters mean to a writer who classes Maeterlinck with Byron and Heine as "a wicked person"? But that is the advantage of genius; it need understand nothing; it may parade knowledge which it does not possess; it may commit every sin against taste and truth; and all the same it is genius, or, if it isn't, what becomes of the manifold protestations which have secured, we are told, to "The Master-Christian" so many thousands of readers?

A humorous champion of Mr. Hall Caine once declared in the bravery of print that "not even his detractors could deny him the gift of genius;" and similarly the genius of Miss Corelli does not depend upon the grudging acknowledgment of detractors. Here is her genius thick and slab for all folk to see. Her motive is not fresh—on the contrary, it is as hackneyed a motive as she, or any other, could find; but no doubt she recognizes the truth of Horace's maxim already quoted—*difficile est proprie communia dicere*—and does not stoop to win an effect by mere originality. Now, for many years past, it has been a favorite artifice of certain painters to startle the world by putting Jesus Christ into incongruous surroundings. He has been pictured at a music-hall and at a dinner-table, and the inartistic familiarity has found an instant success. Well, Miss Corelli has achieved in fiction what M. J. Béraud has achieved in painting. She has placed Jesus Christ in the Paris and Rome of to-day; she has confronted Him with the

cultured rabble that packs fashionable churches and fashionable studios. But it is not for this that we thank her. Not even in the presence of transcendent genius can we forget who rushes in where angels fear to tread. No; we thank her for a set of romantic characters, which we could not match in the whole realm of fiction. Above all, she has brought back to life our old friend the Wicked Markiss, who reminds us of those brave days when culture was not, and when the Family Herald rejoiced the hearts of England. And we doubt whether even the Family Herald ever discovered so wicked a Markiss as the gentleman known to Miss Corelli as the Marquis Fontenelle. Poor man, he might have had the *particule*; but surely he is wicked enough without it. "Yes," sighs the beautiful countess, "I am in love with the Marquis Fontenelle! Ah! le beau marquis! He is so extraordinary!—so beautiful!—so wicked!" Is it not our old friend Aubrey Plantagenet himself? Cannot you see his rolling eye and his waxed moustache? And are you not compelled to think of George R. Sims's incomparable poems, and of the monster who, in the very eye of the Norman mothers, invited the high-born maids to join the revelry of the sensuous galop? But, ah! what a fine fellow is the Wicked Markiss! There is nothing mean about him. "I seldom ride in a common *fiacre*," he says, sadly, "but this time I did so." How could he so far forget himself? How, indeed, save under the impulse of *la chasse*? And despite the common *fiacre*, our Markiss is capable of everything save marriage. "To love one's wife," says he, "would be *petite bourgeoisie*." The French is not quite worthy the noble station of the gentleman, yet how fine the irony! Does it not remind you of Juvenal, the one author in ancient and modern times to whom, we have been told, our great Marie Corelli is comparable? But, alas! the Markiss don't live up to his reputa-

tion. He fights a duel with a common actor, who, in a lingo which even the Markiss might envy, describes himself as "*Moi le génie de France*," and who, of course, is the Markiss's own long-lost brother, strawberry-mark and all. The brotherhood, if we may say so, is as sure as eggs, and what wonder is it that the great heart, which seldom condescended to a common *flacre*, broke at the revelation?

But that is the mark of Miss Corelli's genius. She carries us off breathless and expectant, into what she herself might call the *beau monde*. Above all, she has touched vice with the finger of scorn, and she has brought Sin (with a capital) into the cottage homes of England. She has laid bare with a ruthless courage the crimes of France and of Rome. If we may believe her—and of course we may—every Cardinal is the father of a large and thriving family. And as to the Abbés of France, they are but the wicked Markiss in another costume. M. Vergniaud, in fact, runs a close second to Fontenelle himself. "I know the charm of sin," he cries—"the singular fascination of pure devilry!" And he does. Well might he rival the flippant Abbé of the last century—in fact, we are half afraid that once again genius is caught napping, and that Miss Corelli believes that St. Evrémond still lives. For upon the delicate finger of the Abbé Vergniaud there sparkles a diamond ring; with a listless hand he turns over the worldly pages of the *Revue de deux Mondes*; and even though he does seem to believe in the innocence of Alfred Dreyfus, he is evidently a wicked, worldly and witty person. What wonder is it, then, that "France is playing a losing game," and that St. Peter's at Rome is but a "huge theatre misnamed a church"?

But better than the Markiss, better than all the infamous clergy, is the beautiful Angela Sovrani, who (we are sure) is nothing but a portrait of Marie

Corelli, drawn only by the hand and brain that are capable of understanding her. For Angela Sovrani, also, is a woman of genius, the supreme artist of her age and planet. She is not actually beautiful; but she creates around her, wherever she goes, "an effect of beauty." Her eyes, of course, are "purple-gray and drowsy-lidded." "In herself she was a creature of remarkable temperament and character—true womanly, in every delicate sentiment, fancy and feeling, but with something of the man-hero in her scorn of petty aims." Have we not here a masterpiece of self-portraiture? In what other colors can genius be painted? And the resemblance does not end with this. "Within the small head lay a marvellous brain, and the delicate body was possessed by a spirit of potency to conjure with." Moreover, Angela, too, was engaged upon a work which might have been called "The Master-Christian," had she not styled it "The Coming of Christ." It was a vast and painted allegory, which Raffaele or Angelo would have been proud to sign if only they could have achieved it; and it convulsed the Vatican as violently as the sermon of the Abbé Vergniaud. Yet, for a while it seemed to fail, merely because it had not been painted by a man. And Angela Sovrani had assured the most elaborate secrecy. She refused to show her picture until it was finished. "They take my ideas and use them," she complained, "and then, when my work is produced, they say it is *I* who have copied them, and that women have no imagination." That is precisely what Marie Corelli has suffered these many years—the thefts and detractions of men. For it is well known that most men and all novelists envy the success of women. On one occasion a great sigh broke from Angela's lips when she thought: "Ah, but the world will never own woman's work to be great, even if it be so, because men give the verdict,



and man's praise is for himself and his own achievements always." Even genius, then, is a poor solace to women, for man goes on living in the fool's paradise of self, and it is only when a heroine arises brave as Marie Corelli that he hears a fragment of the truth. Yet Sappho did not miss the crown of glory, and Jane Austen bore without complaint the misery of her sex.

Thus Marie Corelli thinks and speaks behind the mask of Angela Sevrani. Poor Angela! She, too, put her life-blood into her work, and she, too, was chiefly preoccupied by its sale. "Yes, I must work! That big canvas of mine will not sell, I fear! My father was right. It was a mistake." Of course it was a mistake if it would not sell, as none knows better than Marie Corelli, whose masterpiece will doubtless soon boast half a million readers! "What is the use of painting a picture for the world"—again we quote our Angela—"if there is no chance to let the world see it?" Obviously there is no use at all, because genius is concerned with nothing else than profit and a big circulation. And in the end Angela triumphed, as her creator has triumphed. "If you consent"—so the welcome news was brought her—"the picture will be bought, not by any private purchaser, but by the American nation." Splendid, is it not? And Marie Corelli's triumph is yet greater than Angela's. Her masterpiece is not bought merely by the American nation; it is a treasure over which America and England will dispute until the end of time.

And what we like best about Marie Corelli is her simple sense of business. Her genius is superior to the vanity which declares that art is its own reward, and that the artist should work to please himself. She finds out precisely what the public wants and gives it to them piping-hot, nor does she ever deceive herself with a foolish theory of

perfection. She knows well enough that her work is not sanctified until it is sold, and she knows that every man who wields a pen is consumed with a mad jealousy at the hundreds of thousands of distributed copies. But success does not always ensure admiration. The poor Angela is stabbed in the back by a vile man jealous of her skill, another incident to prove that Marie Corelli has composed an eloquent chapter of autobiography. Indeed, the author of "The Silver Domino" has received enough stabs in the back to murder an army, and we should like to believe that Florian's murderous attack upon his rival symbolized Mr. Hall Caine's fury when he read the publisher's advertisement of "The Master-Christian." But, alas! we may not; for Angela Sevrani loved Florian, and Marie Corelli has publicly stated that she refrains from the study of Hall Caine's works on principle—on the lofty principle that he once read a manuscript of hers without approval.

And the tale of Miss Corelli's genius is not yet told. Her six hundred pages hold many a sensation which we have not space to mention. The murders can hardly be counted on the fingers of one hand, and the eloquent attacks made upon all the Churches are marked by a simple sincerity which easily condones their obvious commonness. Of course "The Master-Christian" might be condemned as ill-considered, ignorant and illiterate. It is written (we can hear the objection of the critic) in the sort of pigeon-English affected by trippers who have spent a week on the continent. It should raise a laugh of contempt, says the envious one, whenever it does not prompt a sigh of disgust. But we know it is a masterpiece; the publishers have told us so, and the hoardings echo the publishers. In brief, it is a work of genius, and we could not forget it if we would.

## A STUDY IN SCHOOL JOKES.

The position of a teacher is no sine-cure, least of all when correcting examination papers. It is a task upon which he must concentrate all his powers, for his judgment will be accepted as final, and much depends upon it. Burdened with a heavy sense of responsibility, he begins with a careful reconsideration of the questions set, and decides on a standard of marking. After correcting half a dozen papers, he concludes, very reluctantly, that it is too lenient or too severe and must be altered. He starts again, laboriously weighing the merits of each answer. This one shows knowledge, but is it sufficiently to the point? That one is correct as far as it goes, but does it go far enough to receive full marks? A third answer is rather vague, but not wrong. What is it worth? The gist of a fourth lies as "two grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff," but their slender value must be estimated. He reads and re-reads, he compares answer with answer and paper with paper, until his powers of subtle discrimination are nearly exhausted. After an hour or two of this severe concentration his head grows hot. He would put the remaining papers away to finish at another time, but he has fairly got the hang of his work now, and, dreading what it would cost him to recover his carefully adjusted standard of marking, he plods on. Having at length reached the last paper, he is disturbed by an uncomfortable fear that one candidate—he has no idea which—was given a mark less than another for some point equally well brought out. He tries to argue down the feeling, but after some palavering has to give in. Another weary search through the tortured pile convinces him that there was no mistake after all. It is the last straw. Human endurance can no more.

With a buzzing head and a deep-breathed vow that he will never again be the dupe of a morbid conscience, he rises from his seat a mental and moral wreck!

It is, indeed, a brain-racking process; I know of none more so. But, like all other trials incidental to "the noblest profession in the world," it has its noble compensations; and there is one, the most obvious, if not the most valuable, which often lies hidden heaven-like in the doughy substance of the examiner's task.

I mean the unconscious humor, the ingenious guesses, the surprising anachronisms, the unbridled imagination revealed by the youthful brain under the cruel pressure of examination. These are so astonishing that unless a man have a soul above a joke, or an uncommonly dull set of papers, he will probably smile over his work at least as often as he groans.

As for the unfortunate being who devotes himself to the delicate and laborious art of teaching unequipped with a saving sense of humor, of him it must be said that no man has more wofully mistaken his vocation. Unconscious of his deficiency—perhaps even because of it—he will do his duty with care and complacency; but his pupils, not knowing what they lack, yet feel that "shades of the prison-house" follow darkly in his train as he enters the class-room. No gleam, no sparkle, nothing to lighten the heavy fare he presents for their absorption; and when he goes he leaves behind him a feeling of mental indigestion both painful and unnatural.

Nevertheless, the teacher is the chief loser. The crushed spirits of his small victims will raise themselves at his exit like blades of grass after the garden

roller has passed over them; but he, the roller, will revolve along his heavy way with never a share in the springing life he so conscientiously depresses. Truly such a man's possible sources of compensation are grievously limited.

But to return to the subject in hand. I have by me a great variety of these "school jokes," *bonâ fide* specimens unconsciously contributed term after term by two schools with which I have had much to do—the one a high school, attended by children of well-educated parents; the other a large school, where the pupils are drawn chiefly from the lower middle class.

I mention this because it is interesting to observe the effect of the different home-surroundings in the sort of mistakes made by these two classes of children. For example, the illiterate homes of the lower class are responsible for many anachronisms, which are the evident result of a very limited range of thought and reading; while in the mistakes of the higher-class child one can often find evidence of a wider and more varied field of ideas—so varied, indeed, that they become somewhat mixed sometimes, and appear on paper in very novel and surprising combinations.

I find that most of my jokes fall very naturally into one or other of five classes.

First, there are mistakes of spelling. These are, of course, the most numerous, and as a rule quite uninteresting, except as eliciting our sympathy by reminding us of our own early struggles with the unreasonable orthography of the English language. Sometimes, however, they play such astonishing pranks with the intended meaning of the writer that they are worth noting and recording.

X "The blood in the body is taken by means of tubs to the heart and there detained."

X "All alkalies have a soupy feeling."

X "A volcano is a burning mountain

that has a creator and throws out melted rooks."

"Maldstone is the centre of the pop trade."

"I came sore and conquered."

"Unwhacked along Clitumnus  
Grazes the milk-white steer."

"The night rat came rolling up ragged and brown."

"His brain was teething with grand ideas in all directions."

X "If the earth did not revolt, we should always have equal nights and days."

"Stored in some trouser-house of mighty kings."

I have preserved the two following for the utter confusion of any one who should dare to deny that words of deepest wisdom may fall from the lips, or pens, of babes.

X "The lungs are organs of execration."

X "The soul has two sides, a dark and a white, and it hides the white side."

The next class of mistakes are those which are the result of unsuccessful guessing. The morality of conscious, deliberate guessing at examinations is perhaps doubtful, but I frequently find on inquiry that the perpetrators of such suspicious-looking answers wrote down what they honestly believed to be facts. And even if they confessed to being uncertain of their ground, which of us has not been guilty of the same offence under similar harassing circumstances? At any rate the practice provides such an amusing study of youthful ingenuity, that we can easily forgive the offenders. Here are a few choice examples:

Q. What do you understand by the following:—Pig iron, Bristol boards, lumber trade, shoddy, insulators, buffers, lamp-black?

A. "Pig iron is what they make the nose rings for pigs of."

"Bristol boards are schools where very poor children go."

"People who keep pawnbrokers' shops are said to be in the lumber trade."

"Shoddy is a kind of drink much used in Ireland."

Insulators are: 1. "Islanders." 2. "Machines to freeze cream and other liquids to make ice." 3. "People who insult other people."

A buffer is: 1. "A thing that buffs." 2. "A hard blow." 3. "A wild animal." 4. "A kind of ox used to plow the fields in some countries."

"Lampblack is the man who sees to the lamps."

Q. "How does 0 differ from the 9 other digits?"

A. "0 differs in not having a tail."

"A schoolboard is a board put to say what things are to be done in the school."

"A school that girls can go to. They sleep there."

"A watershed is a shed for keeping water in."

"The three highest mountains in Great Britain are Ben Nevis, Ben Lomond and Ben Jonson."

Q. "How did William I put down the rebellions of the English?"

A. "He put them down in Domesday Book."

No examination papers are more interesting to correct than those on history, Biblical or otherwise. From these I have drawn my third class of blunders—anachronisms. Apart from the amusement they afford, they are really valuable as reminding us, who sometimes forget, how difficult it is for the child-mind "moving about in worlds unrealized" to grasp the idea that things were not always what they now are, especially if, as I pointed out above, very little is done at home to develop or guide the imagination. Yet it comes upon one with a slight shock to read that "the priest of Midian reproved his daughters for not inviting Moses to come in to tea;" that "David boarded with the Witch of Endor;" and that

"when Moses's mother laid him in the ark among the bulrushes she did not forget to give the baby its bottle." Did babies have bottles in those days? Why not?

The following are also funny:

"When Earl Godwin came back to England all the people flocked to the station to meet him."

"The earliest newspaper of those times was the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle."

"The Holy Place is lit up with gas, and so the priests did not have to carry the light about with them."

"The curfew was rung at eight o'clock every night for every one to put out their gas and fires."

Next I class together mistakes where one can see traces of the right idea, but it has not yet taken definite form in the writer's brain, and, like the poet's dream, it suffers some distortion when forced to clothe itself in the hard garb of black and white. And here again, even if we are no poets, we can sympathize. We can remember the relentless, "Well, if you know what you mean you can say it. Next boy!" and how "next boy," with a readier vocabulary, properly gave vent to the knowledge of which our head was full, gained his mark, and set us meditating on such an apparent lapse in the justice of Providence.

Here are a few examples:

"The base of a triangle is the side which we don't talk about."

"A triangle is sometimes regarded as standing upon a select inside, which is then called its base."

"The apex of the heart is placed downwards and slightly upwards."

"The Subjunctive Mood is used in a doubtful manner."

"Rapids are pieces of water which run with great force down the middle of rivers."

"Excommunication means that no one is to speak to some one."

"The North and South Poles mean

that if a ship comes near one and looks for the farther one she can't see it."

X "The earth is round like a plate, but some people think it is flat. The North Pole has not been sufficiently explored to judge of that part being round."

X "A diplomat is some one who puts true things in a better (!) light, which changes them and alters their sense."

X "Polynesia is a group of small islands in the Pacific which are under the protection of the British, otherwise seem very quiet and peace-loving."

X "Evaporation means going quickly and condensation means going slowly."

X "Fiction is something which is believed in but which is nothing."

"Fiction," so runs a "school joke" under my hand, "is the imaginary power; it may be founded on fact, but not necessarily the strict truth." I do not think I can find a better definition for my fifth class, provided that special emphasis is laid on the "may," for the foundation of fact is not always obvious, though the "imaginary" power is rampant and beyond dispute.

X "'Beowulf' was composed out of England and brought to it in the heads of Roman soldiers."

X "America is oblong in shape; it has a long coast-line. In it there is the United States of Canada and the Sahara Desert."

X "The cause of day and night is that the sun turns round on us at night, and we can only see the back; and in Africa and the Antipodes it is often day when it is night here. The sun turns round and leaves his back on the other side."

X "The Atlas Mountains run round Africa, followed by the Kong Mountains and others of less importance."

X "Warsaw is on the river Vistula, but it used to be on the river Pola."

X "A watershed is a thing that when the soil in part of a river stands straight up on one side and slants tremendously the other side, the water is obliged to go up the soil on one side and come

slanting down the other side—that is what they call a watershed."

X "About this time the Pope turned the bull out of the church."

X "Climate is an imaginary belt of the globe parallel to the equator; it is so called by earlier geographers because the difference of these climes depends upon the proper inclination of the spheres."

X "The water nearest land is most salt, owing to the rivers that run into it. The water is least salt between the tropics. The real reason for the saltiness nearest land is unknown, but as the rivers run into the sea they bear on their surface earth, stones and other soluble substances that condense and turn to salt. The reason for the water not being so salt near the tropics is easily explained. The sun shining down with all its force upon the land and water in the tropical regions, draws up the salt, and it condenses and evaporates."

X "A lake is a piece of water that the land has grown round."

"Roman citizenship was a ship on which the Romans went out fishing free of charge."

"John died soon afterwards, after eating lampreys, trying not to think of his grief. Anselm was a very good man. John asked him to be archbishop when he was ill, and he said it was like putting on his nightcap before he went off to bed."

The next I quote separately as an example of budding insular complacency, and as verifying my conviction that it is quite superfluous to seek to instill a feeling of patriotism in the youth of England. The difficulty is to make them believe that any other country is of the least importance.

X "The Armada was destroyed by a power not of man; it was finally defeated by English sailors in the New World."

The Revival of Learning. "Colet came into France and was much sur-



prised to see how the people were all raving on learning; they wanted to learn Greek, so they could read some more about the ancient Britons."

X I will conclude with one by a Bir-

Longman's Magazine.

mingham scholar—more local but not less sublimely egotistical.

"Parliament is a place where they go up to London to talk about Birmingham."

*E. M. Griffiths.*

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## THE MISSIONARIES IN CHINA.

Of all the questions to be settled with China, this of the missionaries is perhaps the most difficult and perplexing. We do not believe that their preaching was the main cause of the recent explosion, which was, we have no doubt, an expression of national wrath at incessant and unrepelled aggression, but we do believe that a savagely bitter feeling exists in China against missionary effort. It does not matter much whether it is general, or, as the missionaries allege, is confined to the literati, for the literati rule, but, as a matter of fact, it must be very widespread. The hideous charges constantly circulated against Christians could only be acceptable to minds saturated with hate, nor would every anti-foreign Edict give prominence to missionary effort unless this was regarded by men who must know their countrymen as an effective instrument with which to rouse the people. Besides, the facts speak for themselves. Not only have the missionaries been attacked all through China, but their Chinese converts, who are peaceable students, husbandmen and artisans, have been murdered wholesale. Twenty thousand native Christians are reported slain, and it is believed that something very like extirpation has been ordered, and wherever it is not too dangerous is going on. The temper of the Chinese, in fact, is exactly like the temper of the Romans in the time of Diocletian. The ruling class consider that the

Christians are upsetting the principles upon which their Empire rests, while the populace hate them as gloomy sectaries who have placed themselves outside all that they venerate, and who habitually deride or denounce all pleasant and "reasonable" ways. Sir Alfred Lyall once pointed out in one of those illuminating "*Asiatic Studies*" of his, which are, we fear, too wise to be popular, that the Chinese Government was always tolerant of sects which it could assimilate into its system, cherishing, for instance, three official cults, but that it was merciless to all creeds, like Christianity and Islam, which stood outside its authority. Its idea about them is to kill out their votaries when it can, and to persecute them when it cannot. That seems to Europeans monstrous, and it is monstrous, but nothing is gained by ignoring facts, and Prince Tuan is not a bit worse as regards Christians than Galerius, the colleague and friend of Diocletian. The Mandarins are not more merciless in their treatment of converts than the polished Roman nobles, who probably believed nothing, but gave Christians to the lions to protect their system; and the mob of a Chinese city is not more brutal than the Roman citizens who watched and exulted in the torture of Christians in the arena. Pity for outsiders was born of Christianity, and, but that Europe is armed as well as Christian, the Christians throughout

Asia would either be slaughtered out, or, adopting in their despair a military organization, would extort toleration from their enemies by arms. There is no chance that the rulers of China, even if they become "Reformers," will cease to hate Christians, and very little that they will, unless compelled, cease from a persecution which, at least as regards their own subjects, will every now and then become murderous. Christianity will remain for years to come suspect in China, a great if not a dominant cause of popular, possibly even of official, outbreaks. We cannot expect a Chinese literate to be wiser or more humane than Pliny, and Pliny would have wrapped his world in flames rather than surrender the right—though he did not particularly care to use it—to punish Christians as anti-social, anti-Imperialist fanatics.

Under these circumstances, what is to be done? Li Hung Chang says, "Prohibit missionaries," and a great many statesmen in Europe, as well as a large number of Anglo-Chinese, are ready to accept his advice. It is, however, utterly unreasonable advice if every other kind of business and teaching is to be admitted into China, and it will never be adopted. The faith in Christianity, whether, as we believe, it is increasing, or, as so many believe, it is decaying, is still too strong for any drastic or agnostic policy of that sort. No Government in England or America which agreed to Li Hung Chang's demand, or refused to make of the outrages of this year a ground of serious complaint, would remain in power six months. The Churches would denounce it justly, as un-Christian, and the mass of indifferents would suspect it, also justly, of unstatesmanlike timidity. Nor could France or, we think, Germany agree to it. Neither will quarrel with the Catholic Church, and the Catholic Church, to its credit be it spoken, though often so secular in its objects, is

in earnest in protecting its missionaries, especially in China, where it has made great efforts and has, we fancy, great hopes. France is certainly not more agnostic than it was thirty years ago, and the persecution of the Christians—a really awful one, which involved huge massacres—brought on the Princes of Annam a memorable retribution. The persecuted died in scores of thousands, but the persecutors lost their freedom and their power to persecute. We may, we think, class the policy of prohibition among those proposals which do not need discussion because on the face of them they are impracticable.

Nor can we fully accept Lord Salisbury's alternative. His idea is that missionaries should be voluntary martyrs, should, that is, accept, as the early disciples did, the dangers inherent in their profession, should preach and teach without flinching, and then, if the evil powers of the State raged against them, should offer their necks quietly to the executioner. That is lofty advice in its way, and has been acted on ere now with the best effects, the blood of the martyrs proving to be the seed of the Church, but as a deliberate public policy for the year 1900 it is not, we think, either just or practicable. It is not just because, while all other teachers are protected, and especially those who teach Chinese how to kill artistically and successfully, it is hardly justice to refuse to protect those who are teaching Christianity. There is nothing so bad in Christian teaching that those who make it the occupation of their lives should be regarded as outlaws and given up to any one who likes to despoil or kill them. The spiritual truths of Christianity cannot injure even the Chinese, while its ethical truths are nearly identical with those of Buddhism, which is one of the three religions officially acknowledged, and, so to speak, "established" in China. Besides, we must remember the facts of

our time. To expect, in an official way, the patience of martyrs from missionaries, and to announce that they would never be avenged, would be to give them up to Mandarins to massacre at discretion, and in a year or two would so shock the national conscience that we should have half the journals of the Empire preaching a new Crusade. Lord Salisbury perhaps thinks, as we notice many journalists think, that such a policy must be successful because no missionary would enter China; but if he does think so he does not understand either his countrymen or Christianity. Hundreds would go, as they went to Polynesia, taking their lives in their hands, and the first of them who attracted attention at home, attention like that given to Livingstone, would be protected, if it took three campaigns to do it. Lord Salisbury's counsel may be logical, but there are limits to logic, and when it enjoins average Englishmen to allow an excellent Englishman to be slowly sliced to death for preaching Christ to heathen who want to hear—for if they do not want they need not do it—logic will go by the board. The impulse which Clovis avowed is still in a good many of us, and the second policy therefore may, like the first, be dismissed as impracticable.

What, then, is to be done? Practically, there is nothing to be done except to continue the existing system, which is to consider the missionary in China,

*The Spectator.*

whether Protestant or Catholic, as a person visiting China upon his lawful business, and therefore entitled to as much protection as the buyer of curios or the dealer in champagne. If the Chinese find that his converts are becoming rebels, or that he protects his converts against ordinary laws, let them "escort him to the frontier," as European Governments do. His case can then be discussed with the Ambassador, and redress be refused or obtained in the ordinary way. No missionary wishes to be placed above the law, or if he does wish it—human nature being weak and Mandarin prejudices strong—he cannot have his wish, and must endure laws which he thinks unrighteous like other folk,—that is, as best he may. But to put a brand upon every missionary and declare that of all mankind he alone is not a citizen or entitled to protection under treaties, to sentence a preacher of Christianity to torture because he preaches successfully, is not, we think, commonly just, and is not, we are quite convinced, a plan with which it is safe to go to the country. If cannibals eat missionaries the average Englishman may not care, but when he is asked to tell the cannibal by proclamation that he may feast as he pleases and no one will mind, he will begin to ask himself if he really pays taxes for that, or if that is the real meaning of sane Imperialism.

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#### IN HARDY'S WESSEX.—THE ISLE OF PORTLAND.

It is rather surprising to notice how few visitors to the windy and old-fashioned town of Weymouth seem to look upon the Isle of Portland as worthy of more than a cursory visit. Most persons who say that they "have

been to Portland" mean that a train or steamer has taken them to the northern end of what Thomas Hardy calls "the peninsula carved by Time out of a single stone," and that they have passed two or three hours in looking

down upon the breakwater, or the convicts at work, from heights within easy reach of the little railway station. But Portland deserves other treatment than this, for the Isle is nine miles in circumference, and the farther that you walk or drive from the mainland the more peculiar and interesting does the landscape become. Not that the variously named conglomeration of villages seen from the station is devoid of either historic associations or present picturesqueness. Even from the northern end of the Isle, it rightly appeared to the hero of "The Well-Beloved" that—

The spot seemed what it was said once to have been, the ancient Vindilla Island, and the Home of the Slingers. The towering rock, the houses above houses, one man's doorstep rising behind his neighbor's chimney, the gardens hung up by one edge to the sky, the vegetables growing on apparently almost vertical planes, the unity of the whole island

must strike the most unobservant of tourists. But the real charm of the Isle I have found to lie in its narrower portion, in the long vistas which stretch towards the south and southwest from the somewhat central hamlet or village of Reforne. A good starting-point for a long ramble in the Isle may be made of the parish church of St. George's, which is on the west side of Reforne, by the road to Weston. The church has been said by a well-known guide-book to be in the "Wreanean style," and is certainly not old enough to detain the attention of an ecclesiologist. But the general effect of the limestone buildings, seen on a sunny day against the green, bare country to the south is singularly "foreign." The first time that I beheld it I wondered much to find the sight seem so familiar. Then I remembered country parish churches in the lesser West Indian islands, and the memory became so vivid that I al-

most shaded my eyes to look for the cabbage-palms which would have made the illusion complete. It would be difficult to provide a Londoner with an English picture more refreshing than that which might be painted at or near St. George's Church in the Isle of Portland. Few artists, however, could handle white and green "effects" such as meet the eye near Reforne.

To walk on to Weston and Southwell from Reforne is to take an air bath of the most astonishing potency, and to pass through "a high little world" which is surely of almost unique aspect. These villages of Portland stone are a revelation as to the number of tones of white and cream which oolitic limestone displays after exposure to pure air and sea winds. There is something grandly bare, like a great lady posing to a genius among sculptors, in the long lines of houses, strong enough to protect a king's treasure, and yet built for homely toilers to use for simple domestic lives. It is no wonder that the Portlanders are a proud and clanish people! Only those who have dwelt in such houses as theirs, and then migrated to flimsy London brick and mortar erections, can estimate the effect upon the mind that is produced by living in a building which seems as if it might retain its smallest substantial features until the end of time. Some of the houses in Portland that look to be clean creations of yesterday are fifteenth- and sixteenth-century work. Perchance they wear no more marked air of newness to-day than was theirs in the days when Portland Castle was taken and retaken in the strife of Cavalier and Roundhead. Indeed, Portland Castle itself, although built by Henry VIII in 1520, is often thought (by travellers looking out of carriage windows as the train approaches Portland Station) to be a modern residence in a high state of repair. From Weston it is not a long stroll to

Southwell, a place still more dazzling to the eye than Weston, and one which must be quite exceptional in its healthiness. It ought to be common for persons to live to a great age in a hamlet which has all the advantages of a yacht-deck without any compensating disadvantages. Throughout happy Portland there is found abundance of good water, and Portland mutton, with its crisp flavor, is dear to all diners who have tasted it. Yet I am sorry to say that in trying to get a simple lunch at an inn of the "island" the visitor may find himself offered American cheese, and will hardly be likely to obtain Dorsetshire cider. Thus do local consumers encourage local production!

From Southwell a pedestrian who is studying the Isle should take a turning into that road which goes north-eastward along the cliffs. For some time the views will consist of stone cottages, stone quarries, and bare green landscapes, but presently he will come upon something that is unique as far as Portland is concerned, and well worth notice for its artistic "value." This is Pennsylvania Castle, a modern mansion standing in the only patch of woodland which the wind-swept Isle of the Slingers can boast. Pennsylvania Castle, built by a member of the Penn family from the designs of James Wyatt, takes its place among the shrines of English literature as the "Sylvania Castle" of Thomas Hardy's "The Well-Beloved." This was the house taken by Pierston the sculptor when he became enamoured of Avice the second.

In name, nature and accessories, the property within the girdling wall formed a complete antithesis to everything in its precincts. To find other trees between Pebble-bank and Beal, it was necessary to recede a little in time—to dig down to a loose stratum of the underlying stone-beds, where a forest of conifers lay as petrifications,

their heads all in one direction, as blown down by a gale in the Secondary geologic epoch.

Save for its literary associations, the wayside view of the place is not one to detain a traveller, and the road which winds round high walls to the eastward should be followed with little delay. This soon brings a pedestrian to what is certainly the most fascinating part of the Isle of Portland. For the road becomes a pathway which passes under that old arch through which Avice the third and Leverre eloped to their perilous boat-adventure. Not that the scene which bursts upon one at the plateau beyond the arch is wanting in other attractions than those derived from its intimate connection with the plot of "The Well-Beloved." On the contrary, that battered castle which rears its pentagonal tower on the right is commonly said to have been built by William Rufus, and has undoubted connection with the wars of Stephen and Maud. Hard by this, the views on both sides are exceedingly beautiful. To the right runs

the sloping pathway leading down to the secluded creek . . . the single practicable spot of exit from or entrance to the isle on this side by a sea-going craft; once an active wharf, whence many a fine public building had sailed—including Saint Paul's Cathedral.

Nowadays the little "wharf" is only "active" as a most convenient spot for boatmen and fishermen, and children play quietly where the great blocks of stone used to be handled amid all manner of noise and dust. I have never read an enthusiastic description of Church Hope Cove, but it seems to me to be one of the most beautiful "bits" of all the English scenery with which I am acquainted. At present it is quite unspoiled. Behind it are the old castle and the walls of Pennsylvania Castle,



to left and right of it are green cliffs, scarred with white stone gashes, before it lies the wide expanse of sea, which one thinks of as the waters over which Leverre and Avise tried to escape. To know Church Hope Cove and to avoid visiting it except upon sunny days, is a liberal education in the beauty of England.

It seems strange, perhaps, to write about the Isle of Portland at some length before speaking of the Chesil Bank, and yet I have taken that course deliberately. For it is not until the "Isle of Slingers" is thoroughly known that the wonder and beauty of the great pebble-ridge can be best appreciated. To start from Southwell some fine morning, and to walk round between the light-houses to the western shore of Portland, is the method of seeing the Chesil Bank which I should recommend to a visitor to the Isle. The wondrous curve of those miles of shingle is only suggestive of life and pleasure in the sunlight. One sees it

The Speaker.

but as part of an exquisitely colored and contoured landscape. But wait for twilight. That long arm stretching away to the shadows of the hills near Abbotsbury has been the hand of fate to many and now it seems to move as if beckoning you to see strange sights. Long before the days when Spanish sailors and Spanish ingots were thrown ashore with the wreckage of the Armada, that long beach bordered a bay hated by men who went down to the sea in ships. With what fierce exultation, from where you stand, must Saxon slingers of stones have looked down upon Danish wrecks! With what lamentation and tears must many a Portland wife and sweetheart have viewed from these cliffs the helpless boat of a well-beloved one drifting to destruction across *Deadman's Bay*! For, after all, it is the cruelty of the sea that gives it highest place in the history of all the trials that the material universe has brought upon the children of men.

Herbert H. Sturmer.

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## BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

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"England, Egypt and the Sudan," by the late Mr. H. D. Traill is announced for early publication in London.

A biography of the late General Wauchope, one of the most lamented victims of the abominable war in South Africa, is nearly ready in England.

Readers of Harper's Magazine will be delighted to know that "The Easy Chair" is to be revived, and is to be filled by Mr. Howells. Readers who know Mr. Howells only through his fiction or his little playful comedies do not half know him. He is often seen at his best in serious criticism of men and books.

An attractive book for children—each chapter complete in itself, though the same characters figure in all—is Eliza Orne White's "Ednah and Her Brothers." The boys and girls are natural and wholesome, and their adventures just such as other boys and girls enjoy reading of. A sculptor papa and an artist mamma lend distinction to the scene, now and then, while the "Aunt Grace," whose appearance is always hailed with such delight, must surely be the clever author of "A Browning Courtship" herself. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

The studies of mountain life which Mary Nelson Carter offers in her vol-

ume, "North Carolina Sketches," represent painstaking and sympathetic work. They are of varying literary merit, the realism being in some instances almost too bald, while in others the very simplicity of the story adds to its power. In the longest of them all, called "Getting an Education," the struggle of young ambition against the limitations of circumstance is described with so sincere and straightforward an earnestness that the old theme moves one as if it were new. Sketches like these—photographic if not always artistic—are of especial value to the student of social conditions. A. C. McClurg & Co.

McClure, Phillips & Co. announce for early publication a work on "What We Know of Genesis in the Light of Modern Thought," by Dr. Elwood Worcester of Philadelphia. The book is intended primarily for the lay reader, and among its illustrations will be photographs of Babylonian monuments.

The central incident of Richard Voss's striking story, "Sigurd Eckdal's Bride," suggests at once the recent balloon expedition to the Pole, and in Sigurd Eckdal himself there is an obvious superficial resemblance to Andrée. But the chief figure in the book is really Svend Hansen—Sigurd's rival both for love and fame—and the absorbing interest of the story is one of character-development rather than of plot. The rugged Norwegian scenery makes a fitting background for such a struggle of primitive passions as the novelist has portrayed. Grim and ghastly the story is, but full of power. Mary J. Safford has rendered it into appropriate English. Little, Brown & Co.

It is not a formal history which Mr. Edmund Noble gives his readers in the little volume, "Russia and the Russians," which Houghton, Mifflin & Co. publish, but a rapid and well-propor-

tioned sketch of the chief events in Russian history and the leading influences which have contributed to make the Russia of to-day. Russia holds so large a place in the world's affairs that most intelligent people are seeking a better knowledge of her aims and possibilities. To this just curiosity Mr. Noble's volume ministers. He writes with a full appreciation at once of Russia's material greatness and of the singular anomaly presented by the continuance of her autocratic government through a period which has brought widening freedom to most peoples; and, while his view of the Russian future is a cheerful one, it is to be noticed that his reliance is based upon educational and industrial, rather than political changes.

To the eye which is weary—as many eyes must be by this time—of monotonous half-tones, real drawings, reproduced in real wood-cuts, must be a welcome relief. These will be found in abundance in the little volume, "The Pilgrim Shore" (Little, Brown & Co.), for which Mr. Edmund H. Garrett furnishes both the drawings and the text. In this book Mr. Garrett describes his saunterings along the south shore of Massachusetts, from Dorchester to Plymouth, and pictures deftly, now in marginal drawings and then in full-page, bits of picturesque scenery or spots with historical associations found by the way. He writes and draws *con amore*, and the book forms a delightful companion to the earlier volume in which Mr. Garrett described and pictured the most noteworthy places on "The Puritan Shore" along Cape Ann.

Mr. Franklin K. Young, in his volumes treating of "The Minor Tactics of Chess," "The Major Tactics of Chess" and "The Grand Tactics of Chess," has formulated novel methods of chess-play which have helped to make the game at once more scientific and more fascinating than before. Now, in a final vol-

ume, called "Chess Strategetics Illustrated" (Little, Brown & Co.), he completes his exposition of military art and science adapted to the chess-board. The assumption with which he started, of the essential similarity between the art of war and the art of chess, and the practical identity of the principles governing both, is strikingly illustrated in an appendix, in which the battle of Waterloo, in all its chief movements and manœuvres, is fought out upon the chess board. To the multitude of people who play chess with only a superficial knowledge of its rules, Mr. Young's volume will bring no enlightenment, because they will be either incapable of following its processes or disinclined to the exertion; but to those who really love the game the book will open delightful possibilities.

There is no lack of compendiums, little or big, of parliamentary practice, but in the little volume called "The Gavel and the Mace," written by the Hon. Frank W. Hackett, assistant secretary of the navy, and published by McClure, Phillips & Co., the attempt is made to convey the essential principles which govern the conduct of public assemblies in a series of readable and diverting chapters. To the serious-minded reader it may seem that Mr. Hackett is sometimes a little flippant, but he does entertainingly what others before him have done dully, and many readers, young and old, will not be ungrateful for having the information which they need presented so interestingly as to make its acquisition something other than a task.

Lovers of old Boston—and what true Bostonian is not a lover of old Boston?—will welcome the new edition of Mr. Samuel Adams Drake's "Old Landmarks and Historic Personages of Boston," which Little, Brown & Co. publish in an attractively-illustrated volume. Mr. Drake has long been recognized as

an authority upon old Boston and its memorials, and his agreeable style makes him a very entertaining guide. In the present edition of his well-known work, he has added new material and has modified the old, where the ravages of time or the march of modern improvement have wrought changes in the old landmarks; and he has also added some new illustrations. To turn over these pages reflectively is to lose one's self in the contemplation of an earlier and less hurried Boston, before the days of sky-scraping buildings, electric cars, automobiles and the subway.

Mr. Chester Holcombe's "The Real Chinese Question" (Dodd, Mead & Co.) is an unassuming book of modest proportions, but it contains more that is really essential to a proper understanding of present conditions than is to be found in many more pretentious volumes. Mr. Holcombe enjoys the advantage of an intimate personal knowledge, obtained by many years of residence in China in diplomatic relations. He has not taken a brief to defend the Chinese, but his book will be a revelation to people who have ascribed the troubles in China to mere blind frenzy. It is a terrible state of things which exists there, but it is not without a cause, and Mr. Holcombe's book assists the reader to an understanding of the cause. As to the remedy, it is perhaps to be found in the principle with the statement which Mr. Holcombe ends his first chapter: To treat them as we expect other men to treat us. Printed in italics, and applied to the Chinese, that reads oddly, or is, at least, widely at variance with the principles on which most of the western nations have acted; but, after all, the Golden Rule may not be out of place in China. In later editions it may be hoped that the reader will be helped by descriptive page headings, but in lieu of these there is an excellent analytical table of contents.

